

DECEMBER 14, 1987

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TIME

Two Hot
Movies

The Long Road To Washington



Mikhail
Gorbachev



724404 1

A message from Richard Heinemann, U.S. Advertising Sales Director, TIME Magazine



52 Reasons to look forward to 1988.

In 1988 one cover of TIME will carry the face of a new president. Another may feature a new Olympic hero. Others, no doubt, will record new styles, new stars, new breakthroughs in science.

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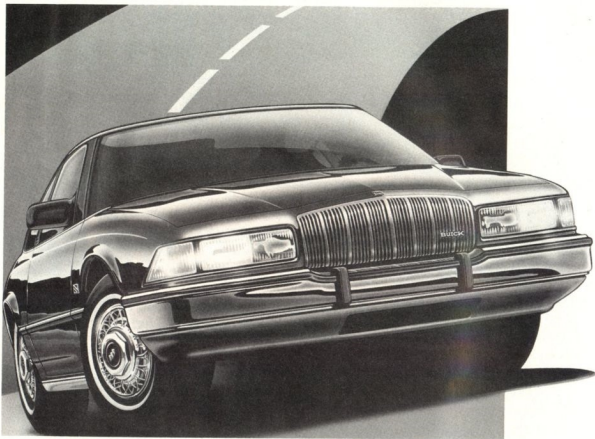
As you look forward to 1988, I urge you to take advantage of these opportunities to make your advertising more effective than ever before, in America's premier magazine.

A handwritten signature in blue ink, reading "Dick Heinemann".

Richard Heinemann
U.S. Advertising Sales Director

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COVER: Once again the competing stars 16 of the global village share the screen

The whole nation sized up Gorbachev and Reagan last week on television. This week the two meet to sign a historic arms treaty. ► A look at the evolution of the zero option, from hard-line proposal to reality. ► Raisa and Nancy will get together for coffee, but they won't like it. ► Everyone seems to support the agreement—except the Republican right wing. See NATION.



WORLD: Frustrated Haitians seethe 38 after elections end in a bloodbath

Shock, despair, terror and anger grip the Caribbean nation after goon squads abort balloting, leaving at least 50 civilians dead and raising troubling questions about army complicity. ► Polish voters reject a government-proposed program of economic reform and austerity. ► With the U.S.-backed rebels gaining, the Soviets seek a quick exit from Afghanistan.



CINEMA: In two bold Christmas movies 82 Hollywood satirizes the new amorality

Wall Street and *Broadcast News* have enough acid wit to recall the sophisticated screwball comedies of the '30s, but their subject is greed, '80s style. Charlie Sheen and William Hurt play an avid stockbroker and a laid-back TV journalist who have nothing on their minds but headlong success. Listen to their gaudy argot! Watch them in perpetual motion! They'll be back at Oscar time.



58
Economy & Business
A special report explores the reasons why Americans are such spendthrifts and the consequences of the failure to save.

77
Design
Is London's modern architecture as bad as Prince Charles says it is? There are brilliant exceptions, but in many cases, alas, yes.

65
Space
NASA announces its plans for the Galileo mission to Jupiter in 1989 and awards contracts for the long-awaited space station.

78
Books
For young readers, a seasonal menagerie of exotic creatures, from centaurs to parents. ► Novelist-Essayist James Baldwin dies.

67
Video
TV offers an extraordinary week of gab and *glasnost*, as two leaders and twelve presidential candidates command prime time.

95
Art
In New York City, a singular exhibition argues that English Romanticism was the invention of painters as much as of poets.

73
Law
Federal agents seize \$20 million worth of Florida property, the glitziest grab yet in the campaign to confiscate the fruits of crime.

96
Essay
Thanksgiving, Hanukkah, Christmas, New Year's. Racked with middle age, can Captain Midlife survive the season of extremes?

5 Letters
10 American Scene
68 Newswatch
75 Medicine
84 Sport
84 Milestones
89 Food
90 Health & Fitness
93 People

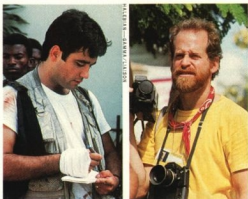
Cover:
Photograph by Jacques Witt—SIPA

A Letter from the Publisher

"He was shooting at me. A soldier, his face hidden in the shadow of his helmet, raised an automatic rifle and fired. His bullets were hitting everywhere, and the fragments of glass and pavement were bouncing off my body. I have never been so aware of anything as I was at that moment."

Jean-Bernard Diederich, a photographer working on this week's World story about Haiti's tragic attempt at free elections, had arrived only a few minutes earlier at L'Ecole Nationale Argentine Bellegarde, a Port-au-Prince elementary school. What he saw was a polling place turned into a killing ground. Bodies lay everywhere, some riddled by bullets, others hacked to pieces by machetes. A band of 50 Tonton Macoutes, former henchmen of the Duvalier family, had slaughtered almost a score of people as they lined up to vote.

As Diederich and TIME Photographer P.F. Bentley began taking pictures, shots rang out. "The Tonton Macoutes and the army were coming back to finish the job, to kill the journalists," said Bentley. "We raced toward the back door of the school, running over bodies as we left. A British reporter in front of me was hit in the lower leg. We were totally defenseless: no guns,



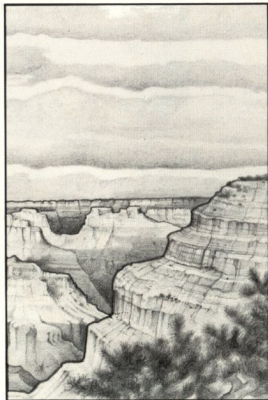
Under fire: Diederich, with bandaged hand, and Bentley

just cameras." Still under fire, Bentley scaled a 10-ft.-high cinder-block wall, scrambled over another wall strung with barbed wire and finally escaped down a maze of narrow passages.

Diederich, meanwhile, sprinted in a different direction. "I felt someone go down, but my eyes were fixed on a wall, topped with broken glass, near the school. The armed men were getting closer. I went over. When I reached a small courtyard, the people who lived there hid me and tended a gash in my hand."

The U.S. embassy later sent an armored car to pick him up. "I was lucky I had a place to escape to," said Diederich, a Miami resident who was born in Haiti and is the son of TIME Reporter Bernard Diederich. "Those people took me into their homes when I was in danger, yet I cannot take them into mine now that theirs is in danger. In Haiti today, life has no value, especially for the ordinary folk. The future holds a lot of pain and suffering for a people who want only to live their lives in peace."

Robert L. Miller



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Letters

Urban Revival

To the Editors:

Hooray for the restoration and preservation of American cities [DESIGN, Nov. 23]! I returned to my hometown, Boston, and was delighted to see what was happening there. It made me want to move back. The old buildings are more alive and pleasing than the new. I could have sworn I heard Sam Adams inflaming the people of Boston against the British.

Elpe Villard
Studio City, Calif.



I disagree with your title "Bringing the City Back to Life." A city never dies. It just lies dormant waiting for the warmth of human concern to awaken it.

Henry Morgenstern
Las Vegas

The "great change of heart" toward our cities has been experienced by many of us in the baby-boom generation who were brought up in suburbia. I now live in a 75-year-old house about a mile from downtown Syracuse, where I often bring my four-year-old son to museums and the library. Several months ago we discussed wealth and poverty when he saw a street person lying on the ground. Suburban mothers probably believe they should shield their children from such a sight; I saw it as a chance to open up more aspects of life to him.

Laurel Saiz
Syracuse

I was infuriated by your implication that downtown Charleston, S.C., was dying in the '70s. Charleston pioneered urban restoration by establishing one of the first preservation societies in the U.S. Renovation has been going on steadily since 1958.

Suzan Carroll-Ramsey
Charleston, S.C.

The remark that "Detroit is still comatose" in the area of urban revival is untrue and unfair. TIME missed the chance

to showcase a myriad of restorations in this much maligned city: the magnificently restored old Orchestra Hall, the stunning 19th century Wayne County Courthouse, the fascinating Greektown area, and the Stroh River Place on the Detroit River, to name just a few.

Alice Tomboulion
Rochester, Mich.

Man of the Year?

Nobel Peace Prizewinner Oscar Arias Sánchez should be TIME's Man of the Year for believing in mankind and for giving peace a chance.

Bernardo Rubinstein
San José, Costa Rica

Jessica McClure, the little girl in the well. Her courage and determination and the love she inspired in those of us who followed her rescue represent all that is best in the U.S. and the world.

Andy Glisson
Lombard, Ill.

Mathias Rust of West Germany, who, because of his goodwill flight to Moscow, measures up to any international peace preacher or politician.

Thorkild Thomsen
Arhus, Denmark

Ted Koppel, on ABC's *Nightline*, is of such high caliber that he himself becomes news. His reporting is insightful, honest and intelligent.

Mark Anthony López
San Francisco

Dow Jones.

Walter T. Sokolski
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Donald Trump, a man of foresight and action.

Joseph F.J. Curi
Torrington, Conn.

The women of China, from those who slave under heavy burdens in the countryside to the chic, graceful city office-workers. They embody the hope and aspirations of their nation.

(The Rev.) John Wotherspoon, O.M.I.
Hong Kong

Patient Zero, the Air Canada flight attendant believed to have introduced AIDS into North America. Unfortunately, it appears he was man of the year for a number of years.

Jeanne Padron
Miami

Remembering Slapton Sands

At last the story is being told about the World War II disaster and loss of American life in Exercise Tiger, the practice drill for D-day [WORLD, Nov. 23]. In 1974, when my husband and I were driving in

Devon, England, we came across a memorial plaque at Slapton Sands erected by the U.S. to honor the people who left their homes to provide a practice battle area for the Normandy invasion. My husband stopped and said, "I was commanding the U.S.S. *Butler* offshore when that took place," and that was all he would say. He kept the secret of that tragic event and took it to his grave.

Jean Matthews
Princeton, N.J.

Dixie's Descendants

Why in the world would the descendants of American Confederates living in Brazil [AMERICAN SCENE, Nov. 16] be singing *The Battle Hymn of the Republic*? The lyrics, written by Julia Ward Howe in 1861, following her visit to military camps, became the major war song of the Union forces.

Genevieve Hansen
Portland, Ore.

In Brazil the song was transformed into a rousing evangelical hymn with religious lyrics. The descendants of the Confederate emigrants adopted the tune, paying no heed to the earlier Yankee words.

Ginsburg's Legacy

Charles Krauthammer writes about the "bad logic" of derailing the nomination of Judge Douglas Ginsburg for the Supreme Court on the basis of his having smoked pot [ESSAY, Nov. 23]. I suspect that many people willingly pounced on the marijuana charge because it provided a rationale for opposing a candidate who would otherwise have had to be opposed on the ground that he lacked sufficient experience for the position.

Meredith C. Rousseau
Lancaster, Pa.

Ginsburg did not lose support as a Supreme Court nominee because he smoked marijuana. He never had the opportunity to gain the support of the liberal or moderate factions. The conservatives sabotaged his nomination because they feared that his life-style failed to show him as a true zealot. Ginsburg had a right to a fair hearing process. It does the man and our society an injustice to allow past indiscretions to be listed as the reason for his nomination's demise.

Patria Jenkins
Bangor, Me.

Krauthammer may be a bit off the mark when he suggests that keeping marijuana use illegal but enforcing such laws only selectively is a good compromise. "Non-prosecution is important because you don't persecute people for behavior that you find impossible to argue is morally wrong," he says. But that type of enforcement carries with it the clear possibility of arbitrariness and abuse. Even under the most benevolent administra-

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Letters

tion, citizens must guess which injunctions society really intends to have teeth. Better to have the punishment fit the crime. Make marijuana use a misdemeanor, and engender respect for laws.

*Reid Cushman
Crozet, Va.*

Placing Blame

In your story on the agreement between India's Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi and Sri Lanka's President Junius R. Jayewardene [WORLD, Aug. 10], you quote me as having said, "India's aim is the total subjugation of Sri Lanka." I have not said that India's aim is the total subjugation of Sri Lanka. It is the Eelamists, or Tamil separatists, whose goal is to subjugate Sri Lanka.

*Madihe Pannaseeha, President
Sri Lanka Amapura Maha Sangha Sabha
Colombo, Sri Lanka*

Lament for Lévesque

As a young Canadian, I was sad to hear of the death of former Quebec Premier René Lévesque [MILESTONES, Nov. 16]. Although I belong to one of those English-speaking families that fled Quebec, I am still a Montrealer at heart. Lévesque's ideal of separation had some bitter consequences. Nevertheless, he represented Quebec's identity. Without him, there will probably never be a "next time" for separatists.

*Daniela Stracey
North Tunbridge Wells, England*

Watching Lévesque and former Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau spar was a pleasure perhaps last witnessed in the Lincoln-Douglas debates. They were two sincere, witty, charming master politicians dueling from opposite ends of the philosophical spectrum. As an English-speaking Canadian, I will miss Lévesque.

*Stephen C. Green
Weston, Ont.*

Bangladesh Who's Who

With all the upheaval that has taken place in Bangladesh since the country's independence in 1971 [WORLD, Nov. 23], it is not surprising that you misidentified our current two top opposition leaders. Your story says Begum Khaleda Zia is the daughter of one assassinated President and Sheikh Hasina Wazed is the wife of another. In fact, Khaleda Zia is the wife of the late President Ziaur Rahman, and Sheikh Hasina is the daughter of the assassinated President Sheikh Mujibur Rahman.

*Hasan M. Mazumdar
Cleveland*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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American Scene

In Wisconsin: Lip Sync Live, Onstage Tonight

In the hubbub and the amber light of a crowded night spot, Don Carlson moves smoothly through the crowd. He is shirtless and in stocking feet, and he weighs 330 lbs., not counting the tiny gold angel wings between his shoulder blades. ("You have to say how tall he is," his fiancée urgently advises, "or people will think he's this little round guy.") So, all right, he is built like an N.F.L. tackle, stands just shy of six feet tall, and is more graceful

guitar or blowing a mean sax solo on a toilet-bowl plunger. And other people come out to watch.

On this particular evening, lip sync as entertainment lives at a club called City Slickers, down the hall behind a real estate office on the main street in Lake Geneva, Wis. Tonight is the culmination of a lengthy sequence of preliminary contests, with ten winners from previous weeks competing for the championship prize—a

sings *I'm Tired in Blazing Saddles*. Then she dumped the ensemble and went out on her own.

"Right now, being in the big time isn't feasible," she says. "So this is a nice substitute. Because I can get up there and be somebody I'm not and feel comfortable doing it. It's kind of like an escape. That sounds Hallmarkish—I mean, totally generic. But I can get up there and be Lili von Shtupp in garters and be totally dragged out and say, 'Here I am, accept me.' And they do, they do accept me. I got third place with that act, and that was only because there were these two white girls ahead of me in housecoats and horn-rimmed glasses singing *Respect*, and they were great."

A trio called the Tidal Waves comes out in straw hats and Mexican ponchos to do the Kingston Trio's *Tijuana Jail* at 45 p.m. Donnie Lovedart does a hip-rolling dance and flips hearts backhand to the ladies. The two girls in housecoats (bad news, Kim, they're back on the bill tonight) demand "R-e-s-p-e-c-t." And in a strategic countermove, Buchan leaves Lili von Shtupp in the dressing room, teases out her hair and does her Whoopi Goldberg routine instead—head rocking brainlessly from side to side, arms flopping in front of her like windshield wipers in the delay mode—a white woman from Illinois imitating a black woman from New York imitating a surfer chick from California.

Novelty acts go down best with the crowd. The hot-and-heavy numbers are just too perilous. Artist No. 5 knows how to dance, but does the hand gliding down the torso suggest desire or gastrointestinal distress? Artist No. 7 wins points for wearing fishnet stockings, studded belts and a torn, painted neon cape. But for a terrible moment as she writhes on the stage, it looks as if she has got tangled in her costume. Also the sunglasses are crooked. There are no Michael Jackson imitators. You cannot compete with a big-time video, and anyway, the word upstairs is that Jackson can't lip sync his own songs.

The hit of the evening, and ultimately the winner, is John Ocacio, a former Arthur Murray instructor and a veteran of the disco era who once appeared on *American Bandstand*. Tonight he's wearing combat attire and camouflage make-up for a monologue about being a 19-year-old in Viet Nam. His act consists of standing with his rifle in a bayonet-thrust position and making robot-like movements, ratcheting across the stage on the stuttered word "nuh-nuh-nuh-nineteen." On a bit about post-traumatic stress disorder the movements go haywire. He throws a grenade. He takes enemy fire,



Lip syncing through Viet Nam for the Thursday-night crowd

than any man in heart-shaped pasties and a 48-in. diaper has a right to be.

It is what makes him a star. Disguised by day as a shy and unassuming lubrication-equipment mechanic, Carlson is acclaimed by night—Could we have a big hand, folks?—as Donnie Lovedart! The first few notes of a familiar tune by the Spinners come up on the sound system, and then he's off, moonwalking across stage with his shades down and an arrow ready, singing, or seeming to sing, "Cupid, draw back your bow..." Lovedart is an agreeable fake, a master of the command nonperformance, an angel, yes, but also a duke-duke-duke of the lip-sync world.

Time out for a definition. As used here, the term lip sync does not refer to Audrey Hepburn pretending to sing *Wouldn't It Be Lovely?* in the film *My Fair Lady*. It has much more to do with the time, for instance, that this writer executed his memorable rolled-lip version of Mick Jagger singing *Brown Sugar* among friends at a small party in 1975. It has to do with your own marvelous rendering of *New York, New York*, the time you turned up the radio and cut loose somewhere out on I-80 east. Except that now people do it onstage. Some of them actually make money at it, with friends filling in on air

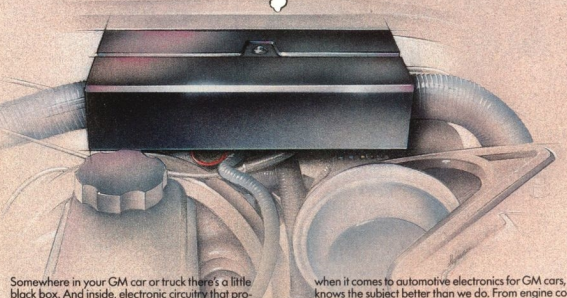
trip for two to Las Vegas or \$438 cash. Four judges will score them on originality, costume, showmanship, audience reaction and the all-important ability to get the words right. Two points off for "swallowing the mike," but, of course, tonight's talent is beyond that. They have mastered not just the words but the trembling lower lip and the anguished facial contortion on the "oh-oh-oh."

Between sets, in the upstairs hallway that serves as a dressing room, everyone is casual. Why do they do it? The answers, in decreasing order of peer acceptability, are: for the money, for the laughs, as a creative outlet, to gain stage presence and stretch their personalities, or (and here, anyone within earshot rolls his eyes) to break into the entertainment big time.

Kim Buchan, one of tonight's contenders, says she has sometimes made \$300 a week doing showcases. But "show biz, period, is so unpredictable" that she also works as a cashier. She got started in high school. "Would you believe I used to weigh 200 lbs.? And nobody liked me, nobody. Then I started with this lip-sync ensemble. They were trying to be real polite about my weight, but it was kind of an eyecore." She became svelte enough to play Lili von Shtupp, the hooker who



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American Scene



Winning points for facial contortion

and as he falls forward he gasps, "Was it worth it?" The crowd goes wild. So do the judges, giving him 191 out of a possible 200 points.

Lovedart takes third place, after the Tidal Waves, and hands the \$75 check to his fiancée for their wedding fund. (They're a lip-sync couple. They met on the circuit, and their courtship included a lip-sync duet of *Paradise by the Dashboard Light*, which could loosely be described as a love song.) Asked about his future, Lovedart concedes that he's thought about putting together a portfolio and taking it to an agent. "But I don't know how I would handle the success." What he means is that he's already been on television, and it was hard to face all the strangers congratulating him afterward. "A lot of people think it takes talent," he muses. "To me, I don't think it takes a lot of talent."

Other competitors say they have been followed by teenage girls in the local shopping malls. One says he was spotted by a guy in the fast lane on the expressway who felt compelled to congratulate him at 60 m.p.h. Kim Buchan has actually had people tear at her hair and clothes. One time, when Madonna was due, a television film crew had Buchan dress up and drive around Chicago in a limousine. "People mobbed me. They thought I was Madonna. They thought I was Rosanna Arquette. This guy came up and said, 'Who are you?' So I was supposed to say, 'Who do you think I am?' And he said, 'Cyndi Lauper.' I mean, come on, gimme a break."

Back at the television studio afterward, Kim went into the ladies room and bumped into Oprah Winfrey. "Are you who I think you are?" Kim asked.

"I sure hope so," Winfrey replied.

But who knows? Maybe it was just a really good lip-sync act. —By Richard Conniff

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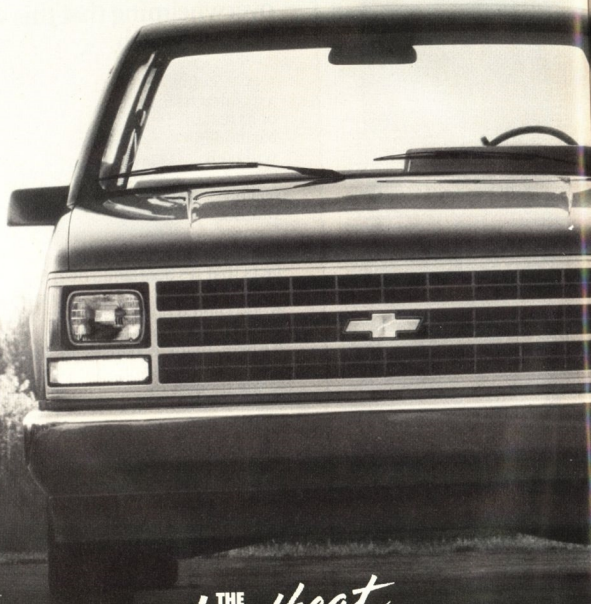
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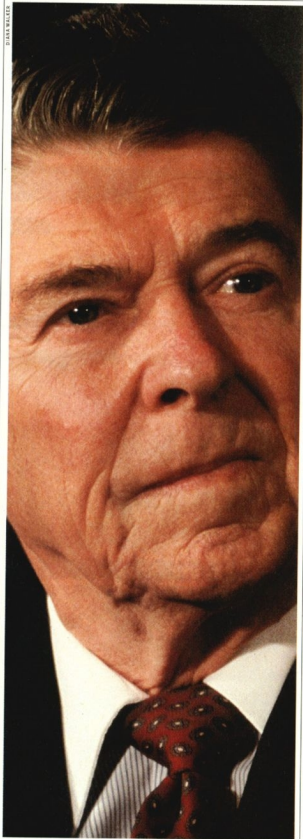
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GENEVA, 1985



REYKJAVIK, 1986

COVER STORIES

We Meet Again

Why all the world loves a summit



Harry Truman once compared "Uncle Joe" Stalin with Tom Pendergast, the Kansas City political boss: both were wily machine politicians who could be bargained with. Every President since then has been tempted to personalize America's unwieldy struggle with the Soviet Union. Even Ronald Reagan. Before dealing with Mikhail Gorbachev in Geneva, the former president of the Screen Actors Guild said he was reminded of his days dealing with the old studio moguls. Last week, awaiting the arrival of the world's most unlikely new superstar, Reagan came up with an even more fitting personal analogy. "I don't resent his popularity," the President told students in Jacksonville. "Good Lord, I co-starred with Errol Flynn once."

So that's what video-age diplomacy has become: summits between co-stars in the global village. This week Reagan and Gorbachev will share the screen for the third time, matching the pace set by Nixon and Brezhnev during the heyday of détente and working toward a Moscow meeting next year that would set a new world record for summity. Who would have thought it of these two very, very different men?

The geopolitical astrology has produced one of those rare conjunctions when two very different orbits are in alignment: the waning days of Reagan's tenure and the consolidation of Gorbachev's. Each leader faces political problems at home—a Politburo can be as cranky as a Congress—and sees a chance to solidify power by summit successes. Each confronts economic problems, from the perils of *perestroika* to the patfalls of the Dow.

Summits embody a noble human conceit, one that seems particularly American: that the world's conflicts are caused by misunderstandings and mistaken perceptions. If we sit down and talk, we can clear things up. Like most noble conceits, there is some truth to it. Summity serves to lower the world's blood pressure. The two most powerful leaders on the planet smile at each other; somehow it seems that the rumbling forces of history,

filled with clashing values and national interests, might thus be tamed. And like most conceits, there is some danger: neither the President nor the public should be lulled into thinking that a personal rapport between leaders can smile away underlying conflicts that for 40 years have divided East from West.

Television feeds this tendency to personalize great issues, and it permits everyone, not just Presidents, to play: Gorbachev came into America's living rooms for a chat last week, followed by twelve aspiring Presidents and then the old master, Reagan. The whole nation got a chance to size everyone up personally. Smiling Mike, exuding the commanding presence that Americans yearn for in their own leaders, treated NBC's Tom Brokaw like a sharp schoolboy. When the candidates' turn came on Tuesday, Brokaw made *them* look like schoolboys. There was an unnerving upshot of turning everyone into a TV personality: Gorbachev, the leader of America's most dangerous global adversary, ended the week with a 2-to-1 approval ratio in most polls, a standing that lumps him alongside the top tier of presidential candidates and by some measures ahead of Reagan.

As often happens in a televised age, the image Gorbachev projected was divorced from the reality of what he actually said: that the Berlin Wall was built by East Germany to protect itself from outside interference; that Moscow restricts emigration in order to thwart Western attempts to create a brain drain; that Soviet troops are in Afghanistan because of repeated requests from that country for protection from foreign subversion; that the U.S.S.R. is pursuing its own Star Wars research.

The fundamental disputes between the two nations scarcely lend themselves to bargaining. Human rights, regional conflicts and other such matters are often on summit agendas but rarely lead to solid deals. Arms control has thus become the coin of the realm for superpower diplomacy. Nuclear missiles, unsuitable for use as actual weapons of war, are deployed and manipulated as symbols of power, retaining only a vague connection to any possibility that their implied threat might ever be carried out. As such they can be traded easily, or at least more easily than other aspects of superpower conduct.

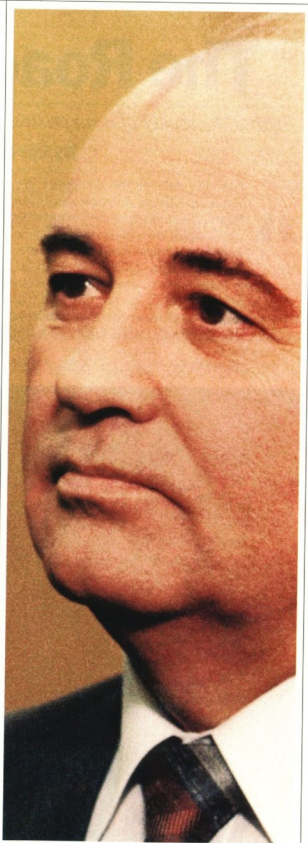
The President's conservative critics decry his current impulses as creeping Nancyism, a desire to play to history. If every young Senator sees a future President in the mirror each morning, every President sees a potential peacemaker. But there is certainly nothing wrong with that; playing to history beats playing to cramped political constituencies.

The disillusioned right makes the same mistake that liberals have made for years: believing that Reagan does not really mean what he says. He came into office preaching that previous arms negotiations were "fatally flawed" because they sought to limit rather than reduce nuclear weapons. Even as he pursued his military buildup, he clung to the notion that its purpose was to force the Soviets to negotiate "real reductions." Perhaps he believed it from the outset, or perhaps (as is often the case with Reagan's verities) he said it so much that he convinced himself. Either way, he has now discombobulated everyone, from former nuclear freeze advocates to the hard-liners who once served with him on the Committee on the Present Danger, with his readiness to turn his rhetoric into reality.

Reagan clearly seems fascinated by the prospect of becoming the great disarmer, which is what gives conservatives the willies. All last week the President sought to soothe their nerves by waving his anti-Communist credentials. Speaking to the Heritage Foundation, he lashed out at the Kremlin's repression and reiterated his support for anti-Soviet freedom fighters around the globe. The Administration released a tough report accusing Moscow of violating the Antiballistic Missile Treaty. In his interview with network anchors, Reagan claimed that "I haven't changed from the time when I made a speech about an 'Evil Empire.'"

And yet the most striking note in his TV performance came when he chastised conservative critics of his arms-control treaty. "Some of the people who are objecting the most," he said, "basically down in their deepest thoughts have accepted that war is inevitable." Not Reagan. If he could only get Gorbachev to join him on a helicopter ride over the pool-flecked neighborhoods of America, he believes, the Marxist leader might see things in the same way he does.

—By Walter Isaacson



The Road to Zero

Behind the scenes of a surprising but potentially troubling triumph

By Strobe Talbott



The very title of the document is a mouthful—*Treaty Between the United States of America and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics on the Elimination of Their Intermediate-Range and Shorter-Range Missiles*. It runs to 169 single-spaced typewritten pages, with 17 articles and three annexes. Nearly every word has been haggled over for years. Some brackets in the text, indicating passages still in dispute, were finally removed only last week.

Yet reduced to its essence, this mass of legal-

ese is one of the simplest, most radical attempts in history by the leaders of two adversary nations to resolve a point of tension between them. Never before has the word elimination appeared in the heading of a nuclear arms-control treaty. It is a dramatic example of the practitioners of nuclear diplomacy taking a sword to the Gordian knot.

There is a short, simple version of how this agreement came about: Once upon a time the man in the White House said to the man in the Kremlin, "Hey, you've got a whole category of weapons we don't like. We've got a whole category



of weapons you don't like. Why don't we just wipe clean the slate?" After 72 months of contentious, suspenseful, stop-and-go negotiation, the man in the Kremlin said, "O.K. It's a deal." With that, Mr. Gorbachev comes to Washington, pen in hand.

But before the ink is dry on the last page of the treaty, new disputes are emerging. Some Senators, presidential candidates and West European strategists are saying, Granted, it's the deal we asked for, but is it the one we *should* have asked for? And do we want it now? Two-thirds of the Senators must in effect answer yes for the treaty to become U.S. law. Their answer will depend in large measure on their understanding of the history of how the agreement came about.

And that history is anything but short or simple.

The Genesis of Zero

Early in his first term, Ronald Reagan was preparing to give one of the most important speeches of his presidency. He had inherited from Jimmy Carter a perplexing piece of unfinished business: what to do about a new class of missiles that Leonid Brezhnev's Soviet Union had arrayed against Western Europe. Each was mounted on a mobile launcher and armed

with three highly accurate warheads that could be fired nearly 3,100 miles. In a minor coup, Western intelligence discovered that the Kremlin's strategic rocket forces secretly referred to this formidable weapon by the innocent-sounding name Pioneer, the Soviet equivalent of Boy Scout or Girl Scout. NATO designated it the SS-20 and warned that it constituted a major escalation in the arms race.

Under pressure from its NATO allies, the Carter Administration had committed the U.S. to the "dual track" decision of 1979. The U.S. would offset the Soviet missiles by deploying a new generation of its own "Euromissiles"—Tomahawk cruise missiles and Pershing II ballistic missiles—while at the same time making a good-faith effort to negotiate with the U.S.S.R. a compromise that would scale back the missiles on both sides.

Left to its own instincts and devices, the Reagan Administration might have abandoned both tracks of the 1979 decision. Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle, the Administration's most forceful and persistent skeptic about traditional arms control, would have preferred to let the intermediate-range nuclear forces (INF) negotiations languish—the same treatment that was already in store for that other unwelcome legacy with the better-known acronym SALT (for Strategic

Arms Limitation Talks). Perle doubted that the negotiating track would lead anywhere and that the West Europeans would have the gumption to follow through on deployment of the U.S. missiles.

But America's European allies were aghast that the new Administration might renege on the 1979 commitment. They had a friend in court in Alexander Haig, the hard-charging Secretary of State who had been NATO commander in the Ford and Carter Administrations. He made INF a test case to prove that the new President could simultaneously stand up to the Soviets in the military competition and sit down with them at the bargaining table. Haig pushed for a negotiating position similar to that favored by the Carter Administration—fewer Tomahawks and Pershing IIs in exchange for fewer SS-20s.

Haig and other arms-control advocates had two reasons for seeking a deal that would *reduce* missiles in Europe rather than eliminate them entirely: 1) such an outcome seemed realistic and "negotiable," in that the Soviets might accept it; 2) leaving a few missiles in place would reinforce the credibility of the U.S. promise to defend its allies in the event of a Soviet attack.

But the State Department plan was not good enough for the President. It



It was like the Redskins trying to persuade the hated Dallas Cowboys to trade Tony Dorsett for a future draft pick

smacked too much of the half-a-loaf compromises of SALT. Reagan told his National Security Adviser of the time, Richard Allen, that he wanted a proposal "that can be expressed in a single sentence and that sounds like real disarmament."

Perle had just what Reagan was looking for: the "zero option." He proposed a straightforward, all-or-nothing package—zero American missiles in exchange for zero SS-20s. That scheme could indeed be presented in a single sentence, which was at the heart of a speech the President delivered on Nov. 18, 1981: "The United States is prepared to cancel its deployment of Pershing II and ground-launched cruise missiles if the Soviets will dismantle their SS-20, SS-4 and SS-5 missiles."

Since then much has changed. Brezhnev and two successors have gone to their graves by the Kremlin wall. All three angrily denounced the zero option as patently one-sided. So did many Western strategists. The U.S. was asking the Soviets to give up real weapons, already deployed at great expense, in return for the U.S.'s tearing up a piece of paper. Washington wags said it was like the Redskins trying to persuade the hated Dallas Cowboys to trade Tony Dorsett for a future draft pick. Administration officials privately conceded that the zero option was not intended to produce an agreement before NATO deployment began in late 1983. Rather, it was a gimmick—part of an exercise in what Assistant Secretary of State Richard Burt, Haig's chief deputy for arms control and Perle's nemesis, called "alliance management"—to make sure the nervous West Europeans kept to the self-imposed deadline.

Burt and others pushed, over Perle's objections, a proposal for an "interim solution." Their plan would leave some American and Soviet missiles in place, just as NATO had originally envisioned in

the dual-track decision of 1979. It was to be interim in name only: few strategic experts in the West expected—or, more important, wanted—NATO to be without any new missiles at all.

When the U.S. began deploying its missiles on schedule in late 1983, the Soviets walked out of the talks in Geneva and sulked in their tents for nearly 16 months. Haig had staged his own walkout from the Administration in 1982. As a quit-and-tell memoirist two years later, he bitterly denounced the zero option as a killer proposal, designed to be rejected. Now, as a Republican presidential candidate, he is criticizing the INF treaty as strategically unsound. All three Richards have also moved on. Allen has been succeeded by five National Security Advisers. Perle is presiding over seminars at the American Enterprise Institute and working on a novel about bureaucratic infighting over national-security policy. Burt, who will probably resemble a less than heroic character in Perle's novel, is Ambassador to West Germany.

But in the tangled, ironic and surprise-ridden history of those six years, there has been a curious constant: the zero option. The 27-word sentence that Reagan uttered in 1981 accurately presaged the treaty that Reagan and Gorbachev are scheduled to sign in Washington.

Even as it appeared to welcome the Soviet leader, the Reagan Administration could not resist the temptation to occasionally gloat over Moscow's apparent capitulation in the face of American steadfastness. Perle has been beaming with the pride of paternity and enjoying the last laugh. The Administration has convinced itself, and now wants to convince everyone else, that the INF treaty is not just an unprecedented accomplishment by the superpowers acting in concert—the elimination

of an entire class of modern weaponry—but an unprecedented triumph of American persistence over Soviet intransigence. As Kenneth Adelman, the Perle ally who is outgoing director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, put it recently, "For once we had a negotiation, and the good guys won."

There is some truth to that claim. But it is not the whole truth, and it may not turn out to be the most important truth. The story of the INF treaty is also one of Soviet persistence, Soviet ingenuity and, yes, Soviet success. That is a critical element of any arms-control agreement: both sides must feel they succeeded. The Soviet Union set out to keep American missiles as far from its territory as possible. And this week it will sign an agreement doing just that.

The Tula Line

The game being played to draw this week began about ten years ago, when Ronald Reagan was a radio commentator and Gorbachev was Communist Party boss for the Stavropol region. That was when the strategic rocket forces started deploying the SS-20s. But that same year, Soviet civilian leaders began to have doubts about whether more and more nuclear weapons like the SS-20 necessarily meant more security and power for the U.S.S.R. The Kremlin initiated a gradual shift in emphasis away from nuclear weaponry to conventional weaponry as instruments of Soviet influence and intimidation, particularly in Europe. In



The Soviets: Vladimir Medvedev, Yuri Kuznetsov, Alexei Obukhov and Lev Masterkov



Masters of the endgame and working lunches: Chief

January 1977 Brezhnev gave a speech at a World War II commemorative celebration in Tula, a city south of Moscow. The Soviet leader laid down what became known in the West as the "Tula line." In that speech and subsequent elaborations, Brezhnev said nuclear superiority was "pointless," it was "dangerous madness" for anyone even to seek victory in a nuclear war, and the Soviets needed only nuclear forces that were "sufficient" to hold those of the U.S. in check.

Sufficiency was a word and a concept that had been commonplace among Western strategists for at least a decade. Soviet doctrine seemed finally to be catching up.

It was, as Soviets like to say, "no accident" that in the same month as Brezhnev's Tula speech, Nikolai Ogarkov became chief of the Soviet general staff. Marshal Ogarkov was a controversial choice among the top brass. He had been the top military representative to SALT. The civilian leadership apparently picked him because he too believed in sufficiency, parity and stalemate. He also favored Soviet-American agreements as a means of regulating the arms race.

Ogarkov, however, was no dove. The money saved by relying less on nuclear missiles he wanted to spend on advanced conventional weapons. He did not want those rubles diverted to the beleaguered Soviet consumer economy. He was finally demoted in September 1984. But the new chief of the general staff, Marshal Sergei Akhromeyev, was also a proponent of the idea that enough is enough in nuclear weaponry.

There was, in the Tula line, both good news and bad news for the West. A recognition of the need for nuclear sufficiency rather than superiority was welcome, especially if it meant that the Soviet Union

might be coaxed into retiring some of its most threatening weapons. The bad news was that Moscow still seemed bent on increasing its influence in Europe—and on using its huge conventional military strength to do so.

Besides, in Moscow's thinking, the partial denuclearization of Soviet military strategy required the much more thorough denuclearization of the American military presence in Europe. Moscow might be more willing to bargain away some of its own missiles, but it was more determined than ever not to sanction the stationing of new, land-based American nuclear weapons near the Soviet border.

On a number of occasions in the 1950s and '60s, the U.S. and its allies had installed American missiles in and around Europe as equalizers, to make up for the Soviet Union's geographical proximity and the numerical superiority of the Warsaw Pact over NATO. In each case, some combination of American ambivalence, West European anxiety and Soviet neurosis led to eventual withdrawal of the U.S. missiles. For example, at the height of the Cuban missile crisis in 1962, Khrushchev demanded the removal from Turkey of American Jupiter rockets (ancestors of the Pershing II) in exchange for his agreement to take Soviet SS-4s and SS-5s (ancestors of the SS-20) out of Cuba. Says one of Gorbachev's advisers: "The resolution of the Caribbean crisis established the principle that we would not threaten you with nuclear weapons from within the western hemisphere. But another principle was established too: We put you on notice that forever after we would regard American land-based missiles on the periphery of the U.S.S.R. as an unacceptable threat to our security."

The INF treaty that Gorbachev will be signing with Reagan this week will leave the U.S. without any ground-based missiles in Europe capable of hitting Soviet territory—and without the right to deploy any such weapons in the future. That is every bit as much a mission accomplished in Soviet policy as the accompanying elimi-

nation of the SS-20s is a consummation of Reagan and Perle's original zero option.

The bottom line of the INF treaty in 1987 is Brezhnev's Tula line of 1977.

No Right, No Blessing

It has already become part of the U.S.-fostered mythology of INF that the Kremlin had to be dragged kicking and screaming into eventual acceptance of the zero option, that it was not until earlier this year that Gorbachev finally seized the long-standing American proposal and made it his own. Here, too, the history is more complex. On Nov. 23, 1981, five days after Reagan first unveiled the zero option, Brezhnev on a trip to Bonn proposed the eventual elimination of all medium-range weapons "directed toward Europe," plus the elimination of all shorter-range missiles.

For Brezhnev then, just as for Gorbachev now, what mattered most was U.S. missiles in Europe that could reach Soviet territory. For two years, from late 1981 until the end of 1983, Soviet negotiators hammered away at the unacceptability of any new American deployments. The head of the Soviet delegation at the talks in Geneva, Yuli Kvitsinsky, then a bright young star of the Soviet diplomatic corps, declared that the U.S. had no "right" to deploy missiles in Europe and the U.S.S.R. would never "bless" the stationing of even a single cruise missile or Pershing II east of the Atlantic.

Kvitsinsky's American counterpart was Paul Nitze, 80, a grand old man of American nuclear strategy. In 1982 they engaged in an extraordinary, one-on-one mini-negotiation—the so-called walk in the woods—that resulted in a tentative deal that would have sacrificed the Pershing II but allowed the U.S. a stripped-down deployment of cruise missiles to counter a residual force of SS-20s. Cruise missiles fly subsonically at low altitudes and are vulnerable to enemy air defenses. The Pershing II ballistic missiles arc to the edge of space and can strike targets inside western Russia in a matter of min-



DIMITRI VORONTSOV



ROBERT HANCOCK

Negotiators Vorontsov and Kampelman in Geneva

And on the American side: Ronald Lehman, Maynard Giltman and Henry Cooper

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For Brezhnev then, just as for Gorbachev now, what mattered most was U.S. missiles in Europe that could reach Soviet territory

utes. The deal was repudiated by both men's home offices. It was shot down in Washington (particularly by Perle) because it meant giving up the Pershing II, and in Moscow because it meant allowing even a few U.S. cruise missiles in Europe.

The first American missiles arrived in Europe in late 1983. The Soviet gerontocracy had painted itself into a corner, leaving no alternative but to walk out in Geneva. There was a widespread assumption in the West, encouraged by Washington, that the battle was over. The U.S. and NATO had won. The Soviets now had to accept the new reality of modern American missiles on European territory.

Not so, says a Soviet official with close ties to the military: "Our generals were more determined than ever to get the American missiles out and to keep them out. The general staff concluded that Brezhnev really blew it by provoking the U.S. into installing the Pershing IIs in the first place and then not having the wit to make a deal to get rid of them."

First, however, there had to be a successor who could do something.

Chess and Poker

Shortly before Reagan's second Inauguration, in January 1985, Secretary of State George Shultz met Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko in Geneva and agreed to get negotiations started again. They settled on a formula for three sets of talks—INF, the Strategic Arms Reduction Talks, and a new negotiation on defense and space, focusing on the Strategic Defense Initiative, or Star Wars. But the Soviets insisted, and Shultz agreed, that the three sets of issues would eventually have to be resolved "in their interrelationship." The Soviets said at the time that this phrase meant hard-and-fast "linkage"; there could be no separate deal on INF or START without American concessions on Star Wars. The Americans pressed from the outset for an INF deal that did not require concessions on Star Wars.

At the first session of the talks in March 1985, the chairman of the Soviet delegation, Victor Karpov, a bluff, crusty veteran of SALT, trotted out virtually all Moscow's old demands and added some new ones for good measure. He went out of his way to stress that his plenary statement had been approved "at the highest level"—by Mikhail Gorbachev, who had become General Secretary one day before.

It was the toughest opening bid that experienced Americans could remember. There were dark jokes about canceling



Anti-nuclear missile demonstrators in Bonn in 1983

hotel rooms and packing for home. However, the head of the U.S. delegation, Max Kampelman, had just the opposite reaction. He could see that he and his colleagues were in for a long haul, but he did not mind. "We'll be talking for a long time," he told Shultz.

Back in Washington, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency prepared a study showing ten points on which the Soviets had hardened their position from the one they had left on the table when they walked out in late 1983. With much self-righteous fanfare, the Soviets slowly meted out "concessions" that they had already made in the past. Maynard

Glitman, the chief American negotiator on INF, told his Soviet counterpart, Alexei Obukhov, "You may take six hours or six days or six weeks or six months to get back to where you were in 1983. We don't care. But you'd better know this: when you get back to those original positions, you get no credit for it with us."

Obukhov subjected Glitman to constant harangues. Once Glitman asked a simple question on an issue of fact and in response got a 65-minute filibuster on the periphery of U.S. policy and the illegitimacy of the American nuclear presence in Europe. After another testy meeting, one American diplomat cracked, "I think these Russian boys miss their liquor, and they're taking it out on us."

The Soviet negotiators were indeed taking seriously Gorbachev's anti-alcoholism campaign. In the past, working lunches at the Soviet mission had been well lubricated with Stolichnaya vodka and Armenian brandy. No more. Now the Soviets served their guests soda and fruit juice, with only a sip of Georgian wine during the meal. Even the rathskeller in the Soviet mission—named the Albatross—began serving orange juice rather than draft beer when Americans were entertained there.

The U.S. had grown used to being the dealer, making imaginative proposals, then sitting back to wait and watch while the Soviets responded in their suspicious, cumbersome manner. Until earlier this year, the American proposals were virtually all minor variations on the interim solution that would leave some missiles on both sides, although the U.S. continued to pay lip service to the "ultimate objective" of zero option.

But before the first round ended in late April, the new General Secretary began to assert himself—subtly at first, then spectacularly. American experts have often said the U.S. comes to the negotiating table as though arms control were a game of poker while the Soviet Union plays it as chess. Gorbachev showed an ability to combine the tactics of both games in a way that was sometimes masterly, sometimes maddening, sometimes both.

The first hint that the game might be changing came in 1985, when the Soviets tipped their hand on two critical points. One was the status of SS-20s in Soviet Asia. The U.S. had been insisting that the zero option must be "global in scope"; it must eliminate SS-20s in Asia too, since they are mobile weapons that in a crisis could be moved to threaten Europe. In May 1985, Gorbachev publicly suggested that his government would be willing to freeze its SS-20 forces east of the Ural



MAX KAMPELMAN

The chief U.S. negotiator in Geneva is Ronald Reagan's kind of Democrat: a foreign policy conservative and a tenacious, patient negotiator who enjoys outstonewalling the master stonewallers from Moscow. During World War II, Max Kampelman, a devout Jew, was a conscientious objector on religious grounds. He volunteered to serve instead as a human guinea pig in experiments on starvation at the University of Minnesota. As an aide to Hubert Humphrey in the Senate, he helped draft a bill that would have made membership in the Communist Party a crime. He was a hawk on Viet Nam, then one of the founders of the Committee on the Present Danger, a group of prominent hard-liners. President Carter, attempting to shore up support on the right, made Kampelman, a prominent Washington lawyer, chief negotiator at the Madrid Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe. Reagan kept him there until the conference ended in 1983, then in 1985 named him to head the team in Geneva.

There was almost an audible sigh of relief from NATO capitals when, at the end of the dizzying weekend, the deal fell apart

Mountains. Shortly afterward the Soviet delegation in Geneva tabled a proposal to that effect. The General Secretary was rapidly becoming his own chief negotiator.

The other key issue was whether, despite earlier Soviet statements to the contrary, INF might be delinked from an agreement on long-range strategic weapons and Star Wars. Glitman took Obukhov aside and tried to persuade him of what he called the "logic" of a separate deal on INF. "Let's assume," he said to Obukhov, "that we were to agree fully with the position you've taken on INF. We could see reaching an agreement without linkage. Couldn't you?" Obukhov paused, thought hard, then replied that he could indeed see such a possibility. A few days later, after checking with his superiors, he told Glitman, "I can tell you that my answer was correct." Once again it was Gorbachev who officially enunciated the new Soviet position. On Oct. 3, during a visit to Paris, he said an INF agreement might be possible "outside of direct connection with the problem of space and strategic arms."

Meanwhile Karpov told U.S. negotiators in Geneva that he was "alarmed at how slow things are going." Kampelman, who relished the chance to out-stonewall a master stonewaller, told Kvitsinsky, who was now serving as one of Karpov's deputies, "Yuli, I don't see why Victor is so alarmed." Kvitsinsky replied, "Well, I'm alarmed that you are not alarmed."

Americans sensed that Gorbachev and Eduard Shevardnadze, who had replaced Gromyko as Foreign Minister in July, had decided that INF was the one area where progress might be possible at the first Reagan-Gorbachev summit, which was to be held in Geneva in November. With that event looming, Karpov turned almost plaintive: "We have an opportunity to resolve some important issues in advance of the meeting of our leaders."

Shortly afterward Karpov and Obukhov tabled a new INF proposal that at first blush seemed to capitulate on the most critical issue of all. In what a Soviet official in Moscow later recalled as a "momentous sacrifice that left blood on the floor of more than one ministry," the Kremlin proposed its own version of an "interim agreement": the U.S. could keep a handful of the missiles it had deployed in Europe in exchange for a reduction of Soviet SS-20s in range of Europe and a freeze on those in Asia.

It turned out, however, to be the first in a series of now-you-see-it, now-you-don't Soviet teasers. Moscow's "interim" proposal was the bait for a summit, and it had a number of familiar strings attached.



Edward Rowley and Nitze waiting at the Reykjavik summit

The Soviets had devised a complicated formula that would give them their long-sought compensation for the British and French independent nuclear arsenals that the U.S. insisted should not be part of any INF deal. Also, the U.S. would be allowed to keep only cruise missiles in Europe. The more capable Pershing II ballistic missiles would have to come out. Moreover, the Soviet proposal stipulated that the U.S. would have to commit itself to the eventual elimination of all American missiles in Europe.

At the Geneva summit in November, Reagan refused to yield on the British and French forces and insisted that the U.S.



MAYNARD GLITMAN

For almost a decade, Maynard Glitman's life has revolved around the Soviet SS-20 missiles. A career foreign service officer, he was U.S. Deputy Ambassador to NATO in 1979 when it decided to counter the SS-20 threat with missiles of its own. He then moved to Geneva to join the new team, hoping to persuade the Soviets to bargain the missiles away. When NATO deployment began, the Soviets walked out. But Glitman was waiting when they returned to the table in March 1985.

Introverted, somewhat shy and stiff, "Mike" Glitman displays little of the diplomat's polish. He has nevertheless mastered the hard-nosed skills normally associated with the men from Moscow. He has worked nonstop since summer to finish the new deal and has supervised every detail of the 169-page treaty. "Others in the Administration will probably try to take much of the credit," says a U.S. negotiator. "But it's largely Mike's achievement."

would keep Pershing IIs in West Germany as long as there were SS-20s deployed anywhere in the U.S.S.R. But in their final communiqué, the two leaders agreed there should be early progress toward an INF interim accord.

After this first summit, Gorbachev was more impatient than ever with the diplomats of both sides who were slogging away in Geneva. He was also emboldened about his ability to compete with the Great Communicator in Washington for the hearts and minds of international public opinion. Said one of his advisers: "The General Secretary decided to take a more active, direct and

public role in advancing the process. He resolved to seize the bull by the horns."


He did it in January 1986 with a bold stroke: a proposal for a comprehensive settlement that subsumed all three sets of negotiations. It was a three-stage, 15-year plan for total nuclear disarmament. The first stage called for cancellation of Star Wars, a 50% reduction in strategic weapons and "complete liquidation" of Soviet and American INF missiles "in the European zone." In Geneva the next day, Karpov opened Round 4 of the nuclear and space talks with a verbatim reading from the eleven-page Gorbachev proposal. It was marked SEKRETNØ even though virtually every word had just been distributed worldwide.

Karpov & Co. once again seemed surprised by their leader's tour de force in public diplomacy. When the American negotiators pressed them for clarification, the Soviets' answers were confused and contradictory—particularly on the critical issue of whether an interim INF deal was contingent on U.S. acceptance of restrictions on Star Wars.

Kvitsinsky told a West German politician that Gorbachev's proposal superseded earlier Soviet willingness, enshrined only two months before in the summit communiqué, to settle for a separate INF treaty. An interim agreement, said Kvitsinsky, was now "impossible." Linkage was again the order of the day.

But not for long. Two weeks later Kvitsinsky was contradicted by Gorbachev himself. The Soviet leader again showed his penchant for going over everyone's head—this time directly to influential American liberals. On Feb. 6, during a conversation with visiting Senator Edward Kennedy, the Soviet leader said an interim INF deal, independent of START and SDI, might indeed be possible. Moreover, such an agreement could be signed at a summit in Washington later in the year.

This latest play of the delinkage card brought broad smiles in Washington. The



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In the tangled, ironic and surprise-ridden history of those six years, there has been a curious constant: the zero option

sweet smell of vindication was in the air.

Some Western analysts, however, had growing doubts about whether delinkage and the zero option would necessarily be an unmitigated blessing. A veteran intelligence official cast a pall over an interagency meeting in February by administering what he called a "heavy dose of reality therapy." Consider, he said, the danger posed by a new Soviet ICBM—the SS-25, a mobile, three-stage, intercontinental version of the two-stage, intermediate-range SS-20. "Not a single one of the SS-20s that Gorbachev will be giving up can hit the U.S., and not a single SS-25 is affected by an INF treaty. So there's nothing to stop him from replacing every SS-20 he takes out of service with an SS-25 that can hit us easily. What's more, SS-25s can cover the same targets in Europe that the SS-20s have been covering. Given an INF agreement but absent a START agreement, we could end up having more Soviet warheads aimed against us than before and our allies could be in no better shape than they are now."

The chief Sovietologist on the staff of the National Security Council, Jack Matlock (who is now U.S. Ambassador to Moscow), favored the zero option but cautioned against euphoria. Gorbachev's latest tactic, he told colleagues, "might be a breakthrough in the negotiations, but it would also achieve the elimination of American INF missiles in Europe."

As so often happened within the Administration, Gorbachev's offer produced an outbreak of guerrilla warfare. The State Department and the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency lined up behind a counterproposal that accepted elimination of INF missiles in Europe but insisted further on a 50% reduction of SS-20s in Asia. The Pentagon, represented in a series of heated meetings by Perle, wanted to hang tough on "global zero" (zero SS-20s in Asia as well as Europe) and also to force Soviet concessions on their "shorter-range" SS-12/22 and SS-23 missiles.

Nitze, who had become special adviser to Shultz and Reagan on arms control, had never liked the zero option, but he now did his best to sell it to U.S. allies in Europe. During one of his frequent missions, European leaders told Nitze that they had invested considerable political capital in accepting the American missiles. They had withstood domestic opposition by arguing that the missiles were necessary to assure "coupling" between America's nuclear forces and its defense of NATO. It would be awkward to justify the removal of all the U.S. missiles, even



American soldiers assemble Pershing II missiles in West Germany

as part of a deal that eliminated the threat of the SS-20s. NATO strategy still required an American nuclear "trip wire" to deter a Soviet conventional attack.

As an aide to British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher put it, "We would have preferred to leave a token deployment of American missiles in Europe. Nitze's own walk-in-the-woods scheme would have been a far better outcome than the zero option from a strategic point of view. If, however, the U.S. allowed itself to be snookered by the Soviets into the damn-fool zero option, then we told Nitze in no uncertain terms that we wanted it to be a version of the zero option that ex-

tracted the maximum price from the Kremlin."

Yet the Reagan Administration was reluctant to back away from the zero option, partly because it had been Reagan's proposal to begin with. Glimman instead proposed a modification of the interim solution: an immediate reduction of INF missiles on both sides combined with a schedule for achieving the "global" elimination of INF missiles by the end of 1989. Obukhov replied dryly: "We'll study this more carefully, but on initial consideration, it looks like the zero option."

Meanwhile, there had been a shake-up in the delegation. Kvisinsky, a specialist on Germany, was transferred to Bonn as Ambassador so he could argue the Soviet case in fluent German against U.S. Envoy Richard Burt. Obukhov moved from INF to START, and his deputy, Lev Masterkov, moved up to be chief INF negotiator. Masterkov had a reputation as an "iron-pants" negotiator of the old school. There was debate among the Americans over whether his appointment meant the Kremlin was indeed ready to move to closure in INF and wanted someone who would get the best possible deal in the final stages, or whether his assignment would be to stall the talks.

The Last 20 Minutes

In September 1986, the Soviets once again began dangling the bait of an INF-only summit. They were, said Karpov, under instructions to take "practical steps" that would assure progress at a "meeting at the highest level." They were prepared to concentrate on the most promising area, which was INF, and, in Karpov's words, to leave START and SDI "off to one side, in hopes of making as much progress as possible on those at the summit itself." They proposed their own version of an interim solution: 100 INF warheads per side in Europe—although with no Pershing IIs—and a freeze on Asian SS-20s.

The Reagan Administration, to the relief of some of its own members as well as numerous Europeans, saw an opportunity to retreat from the controversial zero option and to reinstate the interim solution, with token missile deployments in Europe. U.S. negotiators tabled a response that seemed quite close to the Soviet proposal: each superpower could keep 100 INF warheads in Europe, but with some Pershing IIs permitted.

The next-day Foreign Minister Shevardnadze, who was in the U.S. for a visit to the U.N., called on President Reagan at the White House and delivered an invitation from Gorbachev to Reagan for a



YULI VORONTSOV

Last January, when Moscow wanted to seal it, it replaced Victor Karpov with Yuli Vorontsov, 58, a member of the Central Committee and a First Deputy Foreign Minister. He knew America well: he had served as deputy ambassador under Anatoli Dobrynin. A Government Kremlinologist recalls that the two men were a "dynamic duo: with their polished social skills and excellent understanding of the American political system, they gave their home office good value—and, as lobbyists and propagandists, they occasionally gave us fits."

The Soviets hoped that a higher-ranking chief negotiator might make more progress, especially if the U.S. replaced its own chief negotiator, Max Kampelman, with a more senior diplomat. Instead, Kampelman got a higher title. "Kampelman should thank us," remarked the new ambassador to Washington, Yuri Dubinin. "We helped him get a promotion."

The treaty that Reagan and Gorbachev are to sign cannot exist in a vacuum for very long. The success could prove illusory

meeting in Reykjavik. An official on the powerful Central Committee Secretariat, Georgi Kornienko, said in Moscow, "We feel it is important to make progress somewhere, and INF appears to be the only area of opportunity." All indications were that the deal the Soviets had in mind was the interim agreement, not the zero option.

But when Reagan arrived in Reykjavik, hoping to put the finishing touches on an INF treaty, he found himself confronted instead with yet another Gorbachev blockbuster. Gone was the offer of an interim INF agreement that would allow the U.S. to maintain some missiles in Europe for a limited period. In its place was the zero option, which would meet the long-standing Soviet objective of keeping all American missiles off the Continent. As before, having originally proposed the zero option, the Administration felt it could not reject it at Reykjavik.

There was an almost audible sigh of relief from NATO capitals when, at the end of the dizzying weekend, the deal fell apart over the old issue of linkage: Gorbachev made an INF deal conditional on a comprehensive strategic agreement that would confine Star Wars to laboratory research. Reagan refused on the grounds that such limitation would "kill" the program.

The Americans had now seen Gorbachev delink and relink INF and SDI so often that they calculated it was only a matter of time before he delinked yet again. Moreover, it was increasingly clear that he was determined to eliminate American missiles in Europe.

As they prepared for the end game of INF, the Soviets upgraded their Geneva team. Karpov was recalled to Moscow and replaced by a Deputy Foreign Minister and former No. 2 Soviet diplomat in Washington, Yuli Vorontsov. Suave, self-assured and experienced in back-channel diplomacy, Vorontsov proposed spending less time in large sessions, which were, he said, "too polemical." Instead, they should concentrate on the individual negotiations, including working lunches for himself and Kampelman.

But, as before, it remained for Gorbachev to make the next move. In February of this year, over a Friday dinner, Vorontsov dropped a hint to Kampelman that he expected new instructions to arrive soon from Moscow. The next day Kampelman was receiving one of the steady stream of congressional delegations that came through Geneva to look in on the talks. Emerging from a long lunch with the visiting legislators at the U.S. mission, Kampelman found a



Shultz delivering a letter from Reagan to Gorbachev in April

message from Vorontsov. The Soviet diplomat gave Kampelman a copy of a major statement by Gorbachev that would be released later that evening.

As expected, Gorbachev delinked the INF deal once and for all from the issues of SDI and START. In order to achieve the basic Soviet goal of keeping American missiles out of Europe, he was willing to accept a separate INF agreement along the lines of Washington's original zero option.

For its part, the Reagan Administration became resigned to making the best of the zero option and accepting yes for an answer. Despite the qualms of many about entirely eliminating America's nu-



ALEXEI
OBUKHOV

When he arrived as deputy on the Soviet START delegation in 1982, Alexei Obukhov immediately impressed the Americans with his intellect and debating skills. Apparently he was equally impressive to his own comrades. Their nickname for him was "our heavy"—a reference to the most formidable class of Soviet ballistic missiles, the "heavy" SS-18. He also has a reputation for being about as funny as a ballistic missile. Earlier this year, when he broke out champagne to celebrate a breakthrough on the nuclear and strategic-arms talks. During the hectic negotiating rounds this year, he was chief deputy to the delegation's head, Yuli Vorontsov. In the early '60s Obukhov was an exchange student in the U.S., working under Historian Hans Morgenthau at the University of Chicago.

clear-missile deterrence in Europe. Reagan remained just as attracted as ever to the "elimination of the entire class of land-based missiles." That bold and simple idea was far more compelling to him than recondite concerns over "coupling" and "extended deterrence," just as it had been when he originally proposed the zero option in 1981.

But there was still much work to be done. "Gromyko used to be fond of saying that the last 20 minutes of a negotiation are the most important," Kampelman told Shultz after Gorbachev's February announcement. "Well, we're entering the last 20

minutes." They lasted nine months.

Kampelman's toughest job was persuading the Soviets to accept a global zero-zero plan: no SS-20s or shorter-range INF missiles anywhere in the U.S.S.R. He explained how such a treaty would help eventually with the politics of ratification in the U.S. Senate. "A big concern of the Senators," said Kampelman, "will be verification. It will be far easier to verify a treaty that achieves a global zero outcome than one that leaves some missiles in Europe or Asia. What we're now talking about would be clean, crisp and far more verifiable than the interim agreement." To underscore the political obstacles that Reagan could face at home, Kampelman showed Vorontsov a newspaper article by Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger that was highly critical of the prospective treaty.

During a Shultz visit to Moscow in April, Gorbachev made an important concession: shorter-range INF missiles would indeed be eliminated throughout the U.S.S.R. As usual the Soviet team in Geneva was slow to catch up with its home office. Vorontsov at first said that his government was prepared to "zero-out" shorter-range missiles only in Europe. It took some weeks for him to bring his delegation's position into line with what Gorbachev had already told Shultz in Moscow.

The treaty that Reagan and Gorbachev are to sign this week cannot exist in a vacuum for very long. While the U.S. has succeeded in separating INF from the bigger issues of START and SDI, the success could prove temporary and illusory. What the experts, Soviet and American alike, call "conceptual" linkage remains a fact of life. Unless the SS-25 and other ICBMs are dealt with in a strategic agreement sometime soon, they will eventually nullify the good news being celebrated this week in Washington and around the world.

That is why, after spending their holidays at home, Kampelman and Vorontsov are scheduled to meet again in January. ■

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BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY.

An Offer They Can Refuse

Nearly everyone likes the arms deal but the G.O.P. conservatives



The INF treaty would appear to be the Republicans' ideal arms-control pact: a conservative President stuck to his guns for six years, until the Soviet Union finally agreed to eliminate an entire category of nuclear missiles. Yet as Ronald Reagan sits down with Mikhail Gorbachev this week to sign their precedent-setting treaty, he has the wholehearted support of only one of the six Republican presidential candidates: Vice President George Bush.

Four others—Jack Kemp, Pete du Pont, Pat Robertson and Alexander Haig—have spoken out against the deal, and Bob Dole has expressed only lukewarm

support. Du Pont, a onetime moderate who is now a born-again right-winger, got a boost in this direction last week from the endorsement of the conservative Manchester (N.H.) *Union Leader*.

Whether or not the candidates are sincere in their disapproval of the treaty, they risk little by their saber rattling. In last week's NBC debate, Kemp lashed out at the Soviets for violating past treaties. "We should not rush into signing an agreement with the Soviet Union," he declared, "until we force them to comply with previous agreements." While Kemp called for unrealistically stringent verification procedures, Robertson's conditions for signing an arms accord seemed even

The President, flanked by his strongest supporters of the INF treaty.



warm support. Their disapproval is all the more surprising since Republican voters overwhelmingly favor it. A CBS/*New York Times* poll recently reported that 62% of adult Americans, including 63% of Republicans, like the treaty. An NBC/*Wall Street Journal* poll surveyed probable voters in Iowa and New Hampshire and found support for the INF accord among 77% of Republicans in Iowa and 74% in New Hampshire.

Why would so many G.O.P. candidates risk alienating their party's voters on a crucial issue? Because opposition to the INF treaty appeals to the hard-core conservatives, and long-shot candidates Kemp, du Pont and Robertson need their support to stay in the race. Trailing far behind Bush and Dole in name recognition, money, organization, poll support and credibility, these "flanking" candidates have little chance unless one of them becomes the sole darling of the G.O.P.'s right

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President's zero-option proposal, as George Bush likes to remind him.

Most observers believe that when the INF treaty comes before the Senate for ratification, Minority Leader Dole will vote for it. In the meantime, Dole is hedging. For weeks he has said he will reserve judgment until he has a chance to read the agreement. That evasion appears a bit specious because, as a prominent Senator, Dole could be briefed on every facet of the accord. His waiting game is intended to show voters, particularly those on the right, that he is no pushover for either Moscow or the White House.

The Republicans' leading candidate is the treaty's biggest booster, and on this issue George Bush's often criticized loyalty to Ronald Reagan could be a bonus. During the debate, he forcefully reminded his rivals that, as a top Administration official, he had read every word of the agreement. "Bush is being a knowledgeable statesman on the issue," said his campaign spokesman Peter Teoley, "while the others look like extra-chromosome types."

The caviling on the part of his would-be heirs has peeved Reagan. In his interview with television anchorman, the President said that conservative disapproval of the INF agreement was "based on a lack of knowledge." Then he offered a surprisingly harsh assessment of his opponents' motives: "Those people, basically, down in their deepest thoughts, have accepted that war is inevitable."

That brutal put-down produced angry squawks from the right at a press conference held by the hastily formed Anti-Appeasement Alliance. "If this treaty is ratified," declared Archconservative Howard Phillips, "a major battle of World War III will have been lost by default"—a dire prediction that suggested Reagan was correct in his assessment. Phillips went on to viciously condemn the right wing's one-time standard-bearer. Reagan, he fumed, "is a very weak man with a strong wife and a strong staff. He has become a useful idiot for Soviet propaganda." Dole and other Republican Senators also lashed back: Dole chided the President in the White House, while on the Senate floor Wyoming's Malcolm Wallop called Reagan's remarks "offensive."

The Democratic candidates, who all back the INF pact, have been quick to capitalize on the Republican dissension. Albert Gore went after the G.O.P. in the opening minutes of last week's debate. "It's nothing short of appalling," he declared, "that five of six Republican candidates refuse to support the new arms-control agreement." The next night Michael Dukakis painted the treaty opponents as captives of ultra-conservative ideologies: "Do we need any further proof that the radical right has a stranglehold on the Republican Party?" As conservatives snipe at the White House, Democrats can say with a smile that they stand united in support of Ronald Reagan.

—By Jacob V. Lanza Jr. Reported by Laurence L. Barrett and Alessandra Stanley/Washington

The Issue That Will Not Fade

Despite recent progress, Moscow has far to go on human rights



When Mathematician Naum Meiman's wife was allowed to leave the Soviet Union to undergo cancer treatment last January, he thought it was a sign that his twelve years as a Jewish refusenik were about to end. But his wife died in Washington a few weeks later, and since then Meiman, 76, a founder of the Soviet human-rights movement, has remained, isolated and in need of surgery he cannot get in the Soviet Union. Soviet authorities point to his once classified work for the Soviet Academy of Sciences 30 years ago as an excuse to prevent him from joining his only relative, a daughter in Colorado.

Meiman's story encapsulates the human-rights situation in the Soviet Union. Those who apply to leave risk harassment, loss of jobs and the prospect of years of empty waiting. Although Jewish emigration has grown from 914 in 1986 to about 8,000 this year, it is only a fraction of the 51,322 permitted to emigrate in the peak year of 1979. The State Department estimates that 400,000 Jews, out of a population of 1.8 million, would like to leave. To focus worldwide attention on Soviet human rights, a large Washington demonstration is being planned by a coalition of U.S. Jewish or-

ganizations for Sunday, the day before Mikhail Gorbachev will arrive for his summit with Ronald Reagan.

The President has called the Soviet dissidents the "unseen guests" at the summit, and his Administration has made human rights a crucial test of U.S.-Soviet relations. State Department officials note



Dissident Isiah Berlin after his release from custody

The "unseen guests" at this week's summit.

the surge in Jewish emigration and point with satisfaction to the even larger burst in Armenian emigration, which is expected to grow from fewer than 247 Armenians last year to more than 6,000 in 1987. By year's end an estimated 12,000 ethnic Germans will have been allowed to move to West Germany, vs. only 783 in 1986. In

a pre-summit gesture of goodwill, Soviet officials told Western diplomats last week that they would approve emigration requests for 73 Soviet citizens. (Meiman was not on the list.)

U.S. officials observe that the Soviets are showing a new willingness to discuss human rights. Says a State Department analyst: "When we met with [former Foreign Minister] Andrei Gromyko, we'd try to raise human rights and he would say it was an internal matter. Now the Soviets bring up the issue." To be sure, they often seek to turn it to their advantage by complaining of what they consider American abuses, including unemployment, homelessness and the imprisonment of anti-nuclear protesters.

The Kremlin's new eagerness to discuss human rights spawned a meeting in Moscow last month between Deputy Secretary of State John Whitehead and Deputy Foreign Minister Anatoly Adamishin—the highest-level direct talks ever held on the subject. Although such a dialogue was an encouraging sign, Whitehead came away skeptical about the degree of Soviet progress. "Are people free to move about the country," he asked rhetorically, "to listen to free media, to leave when they want, to take jobs where they want? No, the freedoms we treasure in this country do not exist there." Until that glaring imbalance is corrected, human rights will continue to be a major stumbling block in U.S.-Soviet relations. —By Nancy Traver/Washington

Coffee or Tea?

Stylish and outspoken, Raisa Gorbachev is the antithesis of earlier Soviet First Ladies. The public rarely saw the wives of Nikita Khrushchev and Leonid Brezhnev, but Mrs. Gorbachev turns up by her husband's side at official functions. In the U.S.S.R., such high visibility is considered unseemly. Her taste for designer clothes strikes many of her comrades as ostentatious. Soviet wags have dubbed her the "Czarina."

Mikhail Gorbachev has been sensitive about the criticism of his wife. The only section of his interview with NBC Anchor Tom Brokaw that was edited out of the Soviet broadcast last week concerned Raisa. Asked if he discussed national politics with his wife, Gorbachev replied, "We discuss everything." Censors excised Brokaw's follow-up, "Including Soviet affairs at the highest level?" and Gorbachev's terse retort, "I think I have answered that question in toto. We discuss everything."

Despite the similarities between the two glamorous, strong-willed and controversial First Ladies, Raisa and Nancy Reagan did not hit it off during their first

meeting at the 1985 Geneva summit. Mrs. Reagan considered Mrs. Gorbachev a humorless and dogmatic Marxist ideologue. Friction between the two increased last year, when Raisa showed up at the Reykjavik summit after Nancy had announced she would be staying in Washington.

The stage has been set for a cool but correct meeting between the two women in Washington this week. Last month Mrs. Reagan invited Mrs. Gorbachev to a White House tea at 3:30 on Wednesday. After a two-week delay, Raisa finally accepted, then said she would prefer to visit Nancy in the morning so that she could attend an afternoon meeting between Gorbachev and U.S. journalists. Tea? Before noon? Nancy was incensed. Nevertheless, she agreed to meet with

Raisa at 11:30 Wednesday morning. "It's a coffee now," sniffed a White House official, "and a tour of the residence."

Making matters worse, Raisa is scheduled to attend a Thursday gathering at the residence of Diplomat Averell Harriman's widow Pamela. Mrs. Harriman, an active Democrat, has invited such Reagan critics as the Washington *Post's* Katharine Graham and Maryland Senator Barbara Mikulski. Commented a Reagan aide on the Nancy-Raisa relationship: "They're not exactly soul mates."



The two First Ladies: ready for the rematch

WHY GOING FOR THE GOLD COSTS SO MUCH GREEN

A tradition of private support

By any standard, American athletes made history at the 1984 Olympic Games. The U.S. teams racked up a whopping 174 medals, including 83 gold. Yet, before a single starting pistol was fired in Los Angeles and Sarajevo, a very different sort of record had already been established: Americans, through individual and corporate contributions to the United States Olympic Committee (USOC), had raised more than \$90 million for the U.S. Olympic teams. By 1988, the USOC is expected to generate \$135 million to support the squads that will compete in Calgary, Canada and Seoul, South Korea. As the old saying goes: "America doesn't send its teams to the Games. Americans do."

No other nation's citizens can make such a claim. Of the 167 National Olympic Committees which are eligible to participate in the Olympics, only the USOC supports its teams entirely through the private sector—a process that relies heavily on contributions from the public. Fund-raising is spearheaded nationally by a direct-mail campaign and carried on at the state level by a network of regional volunteers. Corporate sponsorships and revenues from licensing—the practice of awarding "Official Olympic Team" sponsor status to certain products—fortify the effort. "It's free enterprise in the best sense," declares current USOC president Robert H. Helmick. "Sport, just like the arts, should be supported by those who want to do so."

Former USOC president Robert Kane (1976-80) believes in the philosophic appeal of the Olympics. A former collegiate track star who later managed the 1952 Olympic track and field team, Kane adds, "I guess we can't say they keep international peace, but they are certainly one of the few forums in the world where so many nations can come together." William E. Simon, USOC president from 1980 to 1984, has a more pragmatic view of the system: "It works," he says. "We field our teams with more efficiency and less red tape than any other country in the world."

The clearest proof of Simon's words, of course, lies in the performance of U.S. teams. But records and medals are only the final episode in each four-year

chapter of the continuing Olympic story. That story, like the USOC budget, has been expanding since 1978, when Congress designated the USOC as the central coordinating body for amateur sports in the U.S.

Some 25 years ago, the USOC was only responsible for raising money to send athletes to the Games and supply them with basic equipment. Today, the organization does more than just prepare American teams for the Olympics. According to Deputy Secretary General of Development John Krimsky, the USOC is pumping millions of badly-needed dollars into sports medicine, drug education and programs for disabled athletes, along with its more traditional efforts.

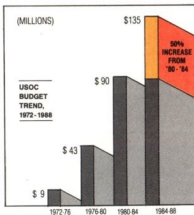
The price of competition

In 1977, the USOC opened its first year-round Olympic Training Center in Colorado Springs, Col., followed by a second facility at Lake Placid, N.Y. in 1982, and a third which opened at Northern Michigan University in 1985. The three centers serve more than 16,000 athletes each year and require an operating budget of \$18.8 million during this quadrennium alone.

The most significant portion of the USOC's budget is channelled to the 37 National Governing Bodies (NGBs) which select U.S. team members for Olympic sports. While the NGBs have their own budgets, they still require

varying degrees of assistance. For instance, USOC funding makes up most of the budget for the United States Judo, Inc. USOC funding also helps the Amateur Hockey Association of the U.S. finance regional training camps for the country's best teen-aged players, a program that has produced such top-caliber members of the U.S. hockey team as Brian Leetch and Greg Brown.

The USOC's "Operation Gold" provides small yearly living and training stipends to elite U.S. athletes ranked among the world's top six in their sports. Without this financial assistance, a young boxer like Kelcie Banks—U.S. gold medal hopeful for 1988—might have been forced to turn professional, without ever reaching the Olympics.



The cost of keeping U.S. Olympic Teams competitive has given rise to an expanded USOC budget. The demand for more private and corporate financial support has never been greater.

Donations still needed

Finally, the USOC has become "mission control" for an army of athletes constantly on the move. At the USOC's expense, they travel to the Olympics, the Pan American Games, international competitions, and Olympic Festivals in the U.S. These festivals boost regional fundraising and increase public awareness of amateur sports.

Although the future looks bright for America's athletes, the USOC still needs continued individual and corporate support. Money may not buy talent, speed and determination, yet it gives U.S. teams the training they need to be the best—and win.

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Free at last: Atlanta Hostage Arthur Huntley hugs his family

Promises, Promises

Cuban prisoners surrender after striking a deal on deportation

The eleven-day siege at the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary was one of the longest in the nation's history, and its nonviolent ending was a tribute to the tenacity of federal negotiators. Day after day they put the safety of the 89 hostages above any impatience in dealing with the balky, shifting factions of 1,100 Cuban detainees who had seized control of the prison. Not a single hostage was injured, and when the ordeal finally came to an end at 1 a.m. last Friday, an unusual scene occurred. As the released prison guards began rushing out of the prison, many stopped to embrace their inmate captors. Each group wished the other well. Then the hostages ran into the arms of their waiting families.

Five days earlier a parallel siege ended at the Federal Detention Center in Oakdale, La., where 998 Cuban detainees held 26 prison employees. Standing in the back of a pickup truck, Miami's Cuban-born Auxiliary Bishop Agustin Roman was driven slowly past the center's wire fences. "My brothers, give me your weapons," pleaded the frail Roman Catholic clergyman. "Give me the hostages. No man can ask for freedom while denying it to others." One by one, the detainees placed machetes, pipes, handmade spears and nail-studded sticks in a pile amid the ruins of the administration building. Said a tearful detainee to the bishop: "We knew you wouldn't abandon us."

The uprisings were sparked by the Administration's announcement that Cuba's Fidel Castro had agreed to take back 2,545 criminals and mental patients who had come to the U.S. among the 125,000 Cubans in the 1980 Mariel boatlift. Some 7,600 Cubans are being held in 100 locations because they committed crimes or were found ineligible for U.S. residence. Those at Oakdale and Atlanta rioted, torching buildings and seizing hostages to show that they would rather stay in jail than go back to Cuba.

Although authorities had massed overwhelming firepower to use if the Cubans began harming hostages at either facility, their best weapons proved to be mediators trusted by the Cubans, who worked with federal officials in tedious, often frustrating negotiations. In the Atlanta prison, the Cubans voted to accept a two-page, eight-point pact. When some 200 hard-liners still rejected the deal as inadequate, the majority needed "all of our effort and all of our force," as one detainee put it, to overcome their resistance. Approved in advance by Attorney General Edwin Meese, the agreement will apply to all the Marielitos under detention.

The main point the Cubans won was a pledge that they will not be returned to Cuba before their cases are speedily and fairly reviewed, but there was no guarantee that many will not be deported after that. Any detainee may apply for a visa to a country other than Cuba or the U.S. All were granted amnesty for damaging property during the rioting, which virtually gutted both institutions. Those detainees who had finished sentences for various offenses, some as minor as possessing marijuana, were promised their release by next June 30 at the latest. Any such deadline was a vast improvement over the indefinite confinement that had been inflicted on the Cubans.

At week's end Meese insisted the Government had not "yielded to the demands of the hostage takers." As the detainees were strip-searched, handcuffed and shipped to other prisons, they and their families worried about whether even the limited agreement would be kept. Said Carmen Linares, wife of Detainee Pablo Gonzalez: "We have heard so many things before and been through so much. Everybody has doubts." This time, however, the promises are in writing. —*By Ed Magnuson.*

Reported by Rodman Griffin/Oakdale and Don Winbush/Atlanta

Shaky Start

Chicago gets a new mayor

Outside Chicago's massive city hall, 4,000 black demonstrators chanted in the chilly night for Alderman Timothy Evans to succeed the late Mayor Harold Washington, whom he had served as city council floor leader. Evans' backers also packed the galleries of the council chamber to oppose Alderman Eugene Sawyer, a black with ties to the white machine that Washington had fought. "Uncle Tom Sawyer!" some spectators shouted, waving dollar bills to dramatize their charge that Sawyer had sold out to Washington's enemies.

That was hardly an auspicious start for the man the 50-member council finally, at 4 a.m., elected Chicago's acting mayor. Normally calm and courtly, Sawyer was so shaken by the twelve-hour wrangle that he considered pulling out of the contest. He feared not only that he could not unite blacks but that the rising emotions might turn violent. Five aldermen supporting Sawyer said they had received death threats; at least one wore a bulletproof vest during the wild debate. But after asking ministers to pray with him in an upstairs office, Sawyer decided to stay in the race. He got the votes of six black aldermen, including himself, and 23 whites. Evans' 19 votes came from eleven blacks, four Hispanics and four reform-minded whites.

Sawyer, 53, will serve until a special election in April 1989. Elected to the council in 1971, after climbing through South Side ward politics, the Alabama native has been an effective operator who got along with both the Richard Daley machine and the constituents of his black middle-class district. Under Chicago's notorious patronage system, Sawyer admits, he was able to place 16 friends and relatives in city jobs. Yet he was the first black alderman to break with former Mayor Jane Byrne and thus help Washington defeat her in 1983. He supported Washington's policies, but in a quiet style that did not alienate the council's white ethnic pols. While Washington won with solid black and some white-liberal support, Sawyer could conceivably build a more durable coalition of ethnic whites and a substantial number of blacks.

Sawyer's first task will be to persuade the late mayor's disappointed followers that he has not made any deals with the white aldermen who gave him his new job. "When Harold Washington proclaimed that the machine is dead, he was speaking the absolute truth," Sawyer declared after being sworn in. "Harold, buddy, I will not let you down." But unless such rhetoric is followed by deeds, most Chicago voters, black and white, will remain skeptical. ■



Sawyer

American Notes



Boston: cleaning the Copley Plaza

BOSTON

Stand Up for Scrubwomen

When Boston's legendary mayor James Michael Curley was leaving city hall late one night, tradition has it, he observed cleaning women scrubbing the floor on their hands and knees. In memory of his mother, a scrubwoman, the next day Curley provided the women with long-handled brushes so they could perform their chores standing up.

Curley's ghost must have had its Irish up last month when Boston's posh Copley Plaza Hotel ordered its maids to turn in their sloppy mops and go back to cleaning bathroom floors by hand. Outraged maids filed a labor grievance and threatened a walkout. Last week, under pressure from the hotel workers and other unions as well as the National Organization for Women, the Copley backed down.

CALIFORNIA

Not on My Beach

To many, the Los Angeles beach-front community of Venice conjures up carefree images of roller skaters, street performers and muscle-bound beachcombers. Now Venice is coping with an unwanted new reputation: as a sunny camp-



California: homeless on the beach in Venice

ground for 2,000 homeless people. A tent city on the beach has spurred fears that Venice will become an oceanside skid row. A neighborhood group has been organized to protest a planned soup kitchen and shelter in the Rose Avenue residential area; some claim that an increase in petty crime is driving away both tourists and businesses.

Last week the Los Angeles city council, responding to complaints from the community, banned overnight sleeping on Venice beach, effective next year. Normally liberal Venice, says City Council Aide Rick Ruiz, has become "caught between its conscience and the impact the homeless have on everyday lives." A more cynical view comes from one of the town's few conservative Republicans, who says, "The liberals got rich."

AIR FORCE

Bird-Watching Bombers

After a B-1B bomber crashed in September on a simulated bombing run over Colorado, killing three of its six crewmen, there were fears that the plane, at a total program cost of \$27 billion, could not perform its core mission of low-level attack. Designed to foil enemy radar by sweeping across terrain from as low as 200 feet above ground, the B-1B had crashed, said investiga-

tors, after colliding with a flock of large birds.

Last week it was disclosed that the Air Force has suspended low-level testing of the B-1B. The Strategic Air Command has restricted the 72 operational bombers to altitudes of several thousand feet until the crash investigation is complete and safety changes are made on the troubled, and vulnerable, plane.

UTAH

Free Speech, Part 1

The program hosts who pay for airtime on radio station KZZI are an eclectic bunch: a self-proclaimed prophet and polygamist, a psychic and a weekly Iranian news and music show broadcast in Farsi. But many people were outraged by a program that premiered last month on the 10,000-watt radio station located some 15 miles southwest of Salt Lake City. The *Aryan Nations Hour*, whose host was White Supremacist Dwight McCarthy, is a Saturday-morning call-in show for bigots who believe a race war is inevitable.

Furious listeners have mounted a campaign urging advertisers to boycott the station; to date only two have complied, and the station has added several more. KZZI Station Manager John Hinton is unapologetic. Says he: "If I say I believe in free speech,

but not in the case of the Aryan nations, then I am violating my own principles."

WASHINGTON

Free Speech, Part 2

Would George Washington have run for office, asked Supreme Court Justice Antonin Scalia, if he had been the target of vicious parodies? But Washington was lampooned, replied Attorney Alan Isaacman. In 1789 he was depicted riding an ass. "I think George could handle that," said Scalia. "That's a far cry from committing incest with your mother in an outhouse."

The parody under discussion last week was aimed not at a Founding Father but at the Rev. Jerry Falwell. In 1983 *Hustler* magazine had portrayed Falwell in a drunken rendezvous with his mother. Although a lower-court jury cleared Publisher Larry Flynt of libel because the statements were so ridiculous that no one took them as fact, it awarded Falwell \$200,000 for his "emotional distress." Despite *Hustler's* sleazy nature, other publications have joined in support of the appeal. Reason: the legal concept of "emotional distress" might allow public figures to sue the authors of any critical commentary based on their hurt feelings rather than the press's wrongdoing. A ruling is expected by next July.



Air Force: the troubled bomber

World

HAITI

Blood in the Ballot Box

Violence halts an election, and a frustrated nation seethes at the military

Slowly, tentatively, life returned to the streets of Haiti. Frightened citizens climbed out from beneath their beds. Uneasy merchants reopened their shops for limited hours. From hiding, election officials fired off defiant messages. But the activity could not disguise the deep psychic toll taken by the election-day violence that left at least 50 people dead and dozens wounded last week. In Port-au-Prince, the capital, hundreds of Haitians packed their meager belongings and fled to the countryside. At the Basilica Notre Dame, the usual crowd of devout worshippers was missing. Instead, a few beggars haunted the steps. It was as if Haitians had lost their faith even in prayer.

As dazed Haitians looked back on Bloody Sunday's appalling carnage, they careened between shock and despair, terror and anger. For 22 months, most of the country's 6.3 million people had dared to hope for a brighter future, one that would heal the wounds inflicted by 28 years of corruption and brutality under the Duvalier dynasty. Last week they awoke to the realization that the three-member provisional government, seated to guide Haiti through its transition to democracy, had evidently sold out the people's dreams to protect the army's interests. As talk ranged from new elections and foreign intervention to civil disobedience and armed insurrection, Haiti seemed balanced on the brink of anarchy. "From now on, it will be a constant struggle until we get our way," warned the Rev. Alain Rocourt, an election official and proponent of democratic change. "We've already lost too many people and too much blood. We're prepared to die."

It was not just the election bloodbath that outraged Haitians and international observers. Hours after civilian election officials halted the polling in hopes of curbing the violence, Lieut. General Henri Namphy, head of the military-dominated junta, dissolved the independent nine-member electoral council. Haitians and diplomats alike denounced the move as

a "coup d'état against the constitution." Council members refused to step down, labeling Namphy's move an "act of high treason" and declaring void any elections that the government organizes in the future. At least one presidential candidate demanded that the junta step down.

There was much confusion as to who was behind the violence. Eyewitness reports cited the dreaded Tonton Macoutes, the paramilitary force employed by the Duvaliers and officially disbanded by the Namphy junta, though never disarmed. Last week several well-known henchmen had come out of hiding, and were walking the streets again in broad daylight. "The return of the Tonton Macoutes is total," said a Haitian journalist.

Witnesses put members of the army at the scene of some of the most grisly violence. Photographer Jean-Bernard Diederich, who was caught in one attack on foreign journalists while on assignment for TIME, reported, "The army did the shooting." In some instances, army and Macoute vehicles cruised in tandem, giving the appearance of collaboration and raising questions about just how separate the military and paramilitary forces really are.

Whether Namphy personally ordered the campaign of terror or maverick elements of the army took matters into their own hands is unclear. It is apparent, however, that Namphy never had any intention of allowing an election he could not control. A decree calling for dissolution of the electoral council was prepared at the National Palace five days before the election. Moreover, the performance of Namphy's army raised disturbing questions. At best, military officials stood by and let the carnage unfold. At worst, they were active conspirators. Either way, there was little denying that the Macoutes conducted their rampage with little interference from Haitian officials. "They were not incapable of acting," charged a senior U.S. State Department official. "They were simply unwilling to stop the violence. The army failed in its responsibilities."



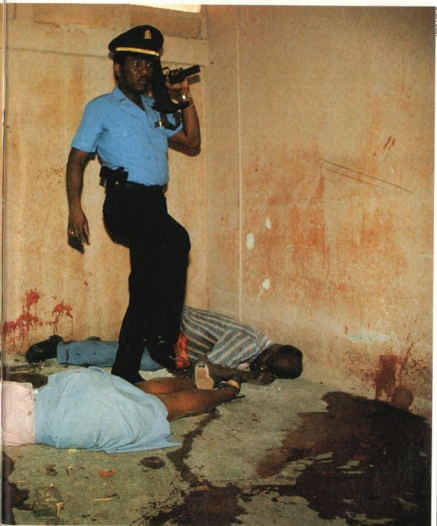
Queuing to vote in the early morning



Surveying the carnage at a Port-au-Prince school



Police and soldiers rushing to the scene of a polling-place massacre



after masked thugs with machine guns and machetes attacked a line of waiting voters

That was the dominant view in Washington. Hours after Namphy disbanded the electoral council, the Reagan Administration suspended \$62 million in economic aid to Haiti and shelved a pending \$4 million military allocation. Reeling from the crushing setback to U.S. policy, the Administration also urged that new elections be held quickly and that those responsible for the violence be prosecuted. Still, the Administration was careful not to accuse the Namphy government publicly of subverting the elections.

Despite the hopes of Americans and Haitians alike, Namphy's junta never demonstrated a commitment to fair elections. As early as last June, Namphy attempted to wrest control of the voting process from the electoral council. Ensuing protests forced the general to back down, but not before soldiers had shot 30 Haitians dead. Two months later a presidential candidate was hacked to death by machete. In October a second candidate was shot fatally. In neither instance was an investigation publicly ordered. Last month the electoral council, citing the new constitution's ten-year ban on Duvalierists seeking public office, disqualified twelve presidential candidates. After that, the terrorism took off virtually unbounded.

In the days leading up to the election, trucks transporting voting materials were attacked and vandalized. When election officials requested helicopters to deliver ballots to outlying posts, the government brusquely refused. Electoral council offices were ransacked and burned. All nine members of the electoral council received death threats. Yet the government declined to commit itself to providing election-day security until two days before the balloting. In some violence-racked neighborhoods, determined voters took matters into their own hands, establishing watch committees and killing at least three members of the goon squads.

Allegations surfaced last week that the Namphy government was far more interested in disciplining the vigilante groups than in curbing the thugs. A distraught 19-year-old Haitian woman told the San Francisco *Examiner* that one day before the election soldiers swept Carrefour-Feuilles, a hillside slum south of the capital, rounding up alleged vigilantes. At the Fort Dimanche military prison, she charged, men in uniform shot and bayoneted to death 46 of her cellmates. The woman claimed that only she and two other women were spared. Namphy's government denied the report, but human-rights groups are urging Amnesty International to investigate.

As election day dawned, violence seemed all but inevitable. But the breadth and randomness of the bloody assaults caught Haitians and observers unprepared. At least six death squads cruised the city in unmarked cars, sowing terror. At the Sacré Coeur church, Macoutes interrupted a morning service by smashing the altar and beating two women with the butts of their

machetes. One man was shot and killed while walking with his children to church. Foreign journalists soon learned to avoid a small, burgundy-colored car that spewed bullets wildly.

The most brutal attack was saved for L'Ecole Nationale Argentine Bellegarde, a school on Rue de la Vallée in downtown Port-au-Prince. Two hours after the 6 a.m. opening of the country's 6,000 polling stations, a mob of 50 goons descended on a line of about 100 waiting voters. Using machetes and machine guns, they cut down several Haitians on the spot, then hunted down and butchered many who had tried to flee. One woman was decapitated under an almond tree in the schoolyard. Another was dismembered in an adjacent alleyway. At least 17 people, possibly more, died in the attack. Said Photographer Diederich after surveying the scene: "There was no discrimination about whom they killed."

The government response was limp. Making no effort to calm the populace, Namphy pledged to install a new President by the constitutionally mandated deadline of Feb. 7. The junta gave the same eight groups that selected the last electoral council 72 hours to name a new body to oversee balloting procedures. But after Catholic bishops and human-rights groups refused to participate, the junta announced plans to set up its own council. Given the government's anger that Duval-



The helmsman: Namphy reviews a ceremonial parade

At best, he let the mayhem unfold. At worst, he conspired.

lieries were banned from running this time, many Haitians expect the junta to finesse the rules so that they can stand in the next go-round. It is also expected that the government will try to disqualify those candidates who displease the army.

Most Haitians think new elections would do little more than install a pro-military puppet regime. Namphy has pledged a fair contest, but many people are bitterly skeptical. "To the sons of the Duvalierists, words are like bullets: they are both used indiscriminately," says a former army officer who, like most Haitians, is fearful of reprisals if his name is seen in print. While Washington has called on Namphy to provide a "free, fair and secure electoral process," a U.S. official concedes, "We frankly

don't maintain much hope that they will do the right thing." In Haiti, a consensus is rapidly building: the Namphy junta must go.

But the Haitian opposition, furious even in the best of times, is divided over what steps should be taken to achieve that goal. Some are advocating a boycott of any government-sponsored elections. Three trade unions have called for a general strike to begin this week. Many Haitians, even staunch nationalists in the slums and the posh capital suburbs, are calling for foreign intervention of some sort. A few are counseling insurrection. Says Father Jean-Bertrand Aristide, 34, a firebrand priest popular with the poor: "There is only one avenue to take, and that is revolution."

Haitians would probably comply if they could get their hands on weapons. After 30 years of what one historian calls the "zombification" of Haiti, the desire for change is strong. Even after the election was called off, many people stubbornly remained at the polls insisting that they were going to vote anyway. "Even if we are massacred by the hundreds, we will never turn back," pledges Roccourt of the beleaguered electoral council. The costs may prove steep, but nearly two years after the hated Duvaliers were ousted, many Haitians would pay almost any price to avoid another dictatorship.

—By Jill Smolowe.

Reported by Bernard Diederich and Cristina Garcia/Port-au-Prince

Should the U.S. Intervene?

After the guns and the machetes had finished their gruesome work last week, Haiti's election-day bloodbath claimed another victim: U.S. support for the provisional government of Lieut. General Henri Namphy. Having insisted for months that Namphy was a staunch friend of democracy, despite mounting evidence to the contrary, White House officials were suddenly scrambling for a new policy to help restore order and ensure free elections. The search quickly swelled into an international debate over how far the U.S. and other countries should go to intervene in the affairs of Haiti. At the center of the dispute was the explosive question of whether the U.S.—or anyone—should send troops to the stricken nation.

Washington is no stranger to military action in the Caribbean. U.S. Marines intervened in Haiti in 1915 after increasing civil strife, and stayed until 1934 as an army of occupation. Marines landed in the neighboring Dominican Republic in 1965. In 1983 some 1,900 U.S. soldiers and a small Caribbean task force ousted a radical regime in Grenada. When former President Jean-Claude Duvalier was tottering last year, the U.S. provided the C-141 Starlifter cargo plane that flew the dictator and his family out of the country.

Yet the White House appears reluctant to get directly involved in Haiti. While the Reagan Administration continues to seek aid for the *contra* rebels in Nicaragua in the name of restoring democracy, it does not want to intervene militarily in Haiti for a similar purpose. After suspending U.S. economic aid last week, senior Administration officials said direct military action would be premature and would be opposed by neighboring countries.

That hardly silenced advocates of intervention. Representative Walter Fauntroy, a District of Columbia Democrat, called for an international peace-keeping force to protect Haitian voters. He was joined by Sylvio Claude, a Haitian presidential candidate who was one of the front runners. Dante Fascell of Florida, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, said the U.S. should provide military support as a last resort if Namphy's foes request it.

Caribbean countries, however, showed little enthusiasm for an international force. Jamaican Prime Minister Edward Seaga rejected the idea out of hand. When the heads of eight major Latin American nations met in Acapulco last month, they called on all countries to "respect the principles of nonintervention and self-determination" in the Americas. While Latin and Caribbean nations may agree with the Reagan Administration on little else, they clearly do not want U.S. troops in Haiti a second time this century.



Marines occupy Haiti after landing in 1915

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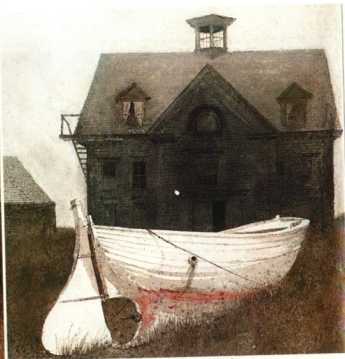
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World

POLAND

Thanks for Asking, but No

Voters turn thumbs down on a referendum for economic reform

The very idea of submitting a matter of national policy to a referendum was unusual enough. Only once before in its postwar history had Poland held such a ballot, in 1946, and the end result was to legitimize the Communist Party that has ruled the country ever since. But when Poland voted last week on a program of economic reform and austerity, something truly unprecedented occurred: a proposal that had the full backing of the government was firmly rejected. It was the first time in Soviet-dominated Eastern Europe that the authorities had lost a vote.

Ironically, what defeated the initiative of Polish Leader General Wojciech Jaruzelski was an electoral provision designed to foil any attempt by opposition forces, however unlikely, to hold a referendum someday on abandoning the Communist system. Under that rule, approval requires a majority not merely of those who actually vote but of everyone eligible to do so. Thus, while approximately two-thirds of those who went to the polls voted in favor of both issues on last week's referendum, both were defeated. Only 44% of Poland's 26 million eligible voters responded affirmatively to a question on economic reform, and 46% okayed a related query on "democratization" in Poland. The decisive margin belonged to the one-third of eligible voters who chose not to participate, many to defy the regime.

By most accounts, the government was genuinely shocked by the defeat. Jaruzelski, who had campaigned vigorously for approval, maintained a sullen silence. Government Spokesman Jerzy Urban, by contrast, sought to put the brightest possible face on the vote's outcome. The authorities had "wanted to know the true opinion of the population, an opinion expressed freely," he said, and they professed "satisfaction" with the results.

If the government really did want a reading on popular sentiment, the mystery is why it handled the referendum campaign so ineptly. Just weeks before the vote, authorities announced price hikes on consumer goods for next year averaging 40%, including 110% increases for food staples like bread and milk. A wave of panic buying swept the country as consumers began hoarding goods of all kinds. The approaching increases only confirmed the public's growing conviction that reform was primarily an excuse for a fresh round of price hikes. The choices posed by the referendum, said a construction worker outside Warsaw last week, amount to "asking a man who



Yes-man: Jaruzelski leaves voting booth
Getting the people's "true opinion."

will hang whether he wants to put the noose around his neck himself or have somebody else do it."

But what many voters overlooked, or disbelieved, was that the reforms were supposed to include such innovative measures as the creation of a capitalist-style stock market to promote private investment, and plans to turn over management of state enterprises to trained professionals rather than party apparatchiks. And nearly all Poles agree that economic change, by whatever name, is not only desirable but also desperately needed.

The years of chaos that accompanied the rise of the Solidarity trade union and

the national malaise brought on by martial law in 1981 have taken a severe toll on an economy that was already creaky. Living standards have fallen below their 1975 levels, with wages averaging less than \$90 a month. Technologically, the country is so backward that many farmers still plant and harvest from horse-drawn carts, while many factories run on steam-powered machinery from the last century. Even Lech Walesa, former leader of the now outlawed Solidarity, favors basic economic reforms. "The point is not to fight against the authorities," he said last week. "We must make efforts to achieve structural change."

Under the pressure of dismal economic conditions, Jaruzelski has already begun to usher in some reforms. In a move to consolidate the country's bloated bureaucracy, for example, the regime trimmed 31 government ministries down to 23, eliminating 3,000 jobs. Some analysts speculated that the referendum defeat was actually welcomed by certain factions within the regime, including an odd coalition of hard-liners who resist any liberalization in Poland and ardent reformers who want even more drastic measures. But the outcome provided scant encouragement for those hoping that the belt-tightening reforms would allow the country to begin chipping away at the burden of its \$34.5 billion foreign debt.

Poland is not the only East bloc nation facing hard economic times. Rumania, where living standards are even lower than in Poland, appears likely to begin suspending payments on \$2.2 billion worth of debt to the World Bank to protest that institution's policy of adding the costs of currency fluctuations to its payback schedule. Meanwhile, authorities announced that leaders of last month's highly unusual protest against the repressive regime of President Nicolae Ceausescu, as well as the management of the factory where the demonstration started, had been fired from their jobs and face prosecution.

In Poland, because the referendum questions were so obliquely phrased, the future course of reform remains very much what authorities want to make it. At week's end Premier Zbigniew Messner

announced that the price hikes, originally scheduled for 1988, would be phased in over the next three years. "The government is going ahead with economic reforms," said Letitia Rydzki, a Vienna-based Poland analyst. "But it will be a tightrope act of introducing increases as high as possible without driving people out on the streets to react." Perhaps. But as last week's vote demonstrated, the streets may no longer be the only place where Poles can register their political views.

—By William R. Doerner.
Reported by Kenneth W. Banta and
Tadeusz Kucharski/Warsaw



Structural change: supporters of Solidarity demonstrate in Gdansk
"The point is not to fight against the authorities."

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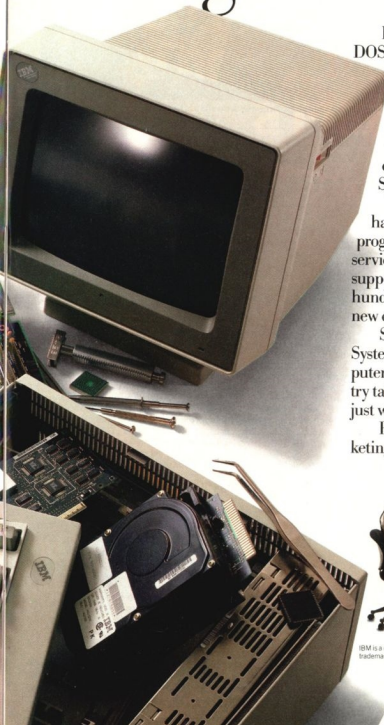
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JAMES RACHTEY

Turbulence on the campaign trail: bodyguards shield Roh Tae Woo from rocks and bottles thrown by protesters in Kwangju

World

SOUTH KOREA

Heading Down the Homestretch

Will the first free election since 1971 end in a photo finish?

In Kwangju last week, angry crowds hurled rocks, bottles and sticks at Ruling Party Candidate Roh Tae Woo, forcing him to rush through his speech. In Seoul, a cheering throng of several hundred thousand heard fiery Dissident Kim Dae Jung renew his attack on military rule. In a five-city whistle-stop tour, rival Opposition Leader Kim Young Sam proclaimed the election a race "between justice and injustice."

Welcome to Campaign '87 South Korean-style. After nearly four decades of repressive rule, voters will go to the polls next Wednesday in the first free presidential contest since 1971. From Yonchon near the North Korean border to Cheju Island in the south, Koreans have thrown

themselves into the landmark election with a vigor that belies their inexperience with the democratic process. Almost overnight, it seems, they have taken the skills and work habits that have helped them build one of the world's most dynamic economies and applied them to the art of politics.

But while the election offers South Koreans a historic opportunity, it is also fraught with danger. The campaign has sparked bitter regional strife and sharp outbreaks of violence. Candidates have been pelted with everything from fruit to fire bombs, arousing fears of a military crackdown or a disruption of the voting process. That in turn could endanger South Korea's plans to be host to the 1988

Summer Olympics, which the nation views as a symbol of its political and economic coming-of-age.

The race is primarily a three-way contest pitting Roh, 55, a former general who heads the ruling Democratic Justice Party, against veteran Opposition Leaders Kim Dae Jung, 62, and Kim Young Sam, 59. Of five minor candidates on the ballot, only former Prime Minister Kim Jong Pil, 61, is taken seriously. A conservative long shot, he is given little chance of winning but could turn out to be the spoiler by taking votes from Roh. At week's end Socialist Hong Sook Ja, the only woman candidate, withdrew in favor of Kim Young Sam.

The roots of the frenzied campaign go back to June 10, when the Democratic Justice Party chose Roh as its candidate under a constitution that virtually guaranteed his victory. The handicapped choice of the autocratic President Chun Doo Hwan, another former general, Roh seemed ready to

The Mystery of Flight 858

The feeble-looking man and his daughter sat quietly on a bench outside the airport immigration office in Bahrain. Despite their apparent calm, they were the center of an international storm. Two days earlier they had disembarked in Abu Dhabi from Korean Air Lines Flight 858, en route from Baghdad to Seoul. Hours later the plane disappeared over the Andaman Sea, shortly before a scheduled stopover in Thailand. Officials in Seoul openly speculated that the Boeing 707, carrying 95 passengers and a crew of 20, might have been destroyed by a bomb planted by North Korean agents. South Korean President Chun Doo Hwan said the North was intensifying "provocative moves to obstruct the upcoming presidential election and the Olympics."

The couple, who identified themselves as Japanese Tourist Shinichi Hachiya and his daughter Mayumi, were about to leave Bahrain for Rome when immigration officials, ac-

companied by a Japanese diplomat, stopped them. A South Korean request for Tokyo to check travel documents had revealed that the woman held a fake passport. She would have to return to Japan. Asked if he wanted to proceed to Rome, her companion said, "It is useless to travel alone." As a guard watched over them in the Bahrain airport, the woman took out a pack of Marlboros. Removing a glass capsule, the couple consumed an unknown substance and slumped forward. Rushed to a hospital, the man was pronounced dead. The woman survived but refused to talk.

Meanwhile, reporters discovered another Shinichi Hachiya living in Tokyo. He claims that a friend of Korean extraction had helped him apply for his passport four years ago and had kept it for a while, long enough to forge a copy. While police linked the friend to North Korean sympathizers living in Japan, his fingerprints do not match those of the fake Shinichi. As the mystery deepens, Seoul is already threatening to withdraw an offer to allow Pyongyang to stage some Olympic events.

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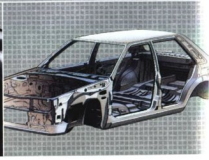
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World

continue Chun's policies as head of the military-backed government.

But the prospect of a rigged election set off weeks of street protests by students, soon joined by many middle-class citizens. On June 29, Roh bowed to popular demands and agreed to help draft a new constitution that called for a direct and open presidential vote. The contest became a three-way affair when Kim Dae Jung and Kim Young Sam could not agree on a single opposition candidate, and each decided to enter the race.

The front runners are anything but subtle in their campaign tactics. In an attempt to soften his military image, Roh has tried to cultivate an avuncular, almost cuddly manner. Election posters show him grinning and holding a young girl, who is whispering into his ear. But Roh can also talk tough. In a nationally televised campaign speech last week, he claimed that an opposition victory would lead to "political drifting and uncertainty," which might endanger the Olympics and tempt Communist North Korea to attack.

Kim Dae Jung ran strongly, but narrowly lost the last presidential election in 1971. He spent much of the following 16 years in prison, under house arrest or in exile, and was even threatened with execution in 1980. The charismatic firebrand boldly asserted at his rally last week, "I, Kim Dae Jung, have already won the election." But it was the more moderate Kim Young Sam who last month scored the campaign's biggest coup. While declaring that "the call of history is to put a final end to military government," he won the support of several past military leaders, including former Army Chief of Staff Chung Sung Hwa.

Some polls indicate that each of the three major candidates has a solid core of 20% support, while 10% could go to minor candidates and about 30% remain undecided. Given the size of the field and the fact that there will be no runoff, the winner may not need much more than 30% to 35% of the ballot.

Experts say Kim Young Sam appears to be gaining momentum as the middle-of-the-road candidate. Notes Han Sung Joo, a Korea University political scientist: "Both Kim Dae Jung and Roh Tae Woo are opposed by a majority of the voters. Kim Young Sam is clearly the most electable." He adds that the contest is becoming a race between Roh and Kim Young Sam. No one, however, is quite ready to count out Kim Dae Jung. Though Han believes Kim Dae Jung will capture little more than 30% of the vote, he could still win if the minor candidates do better than expected, while Roh and Kim Young Sam divide the remainder of the vote evenly.

The U.S., which maintains 40,000 troops in South Korea and regards the country as a crucial buffer against North Korea and the Soviet Union, is an impartial but uneasy spectator. To the Reagan



Kim Young Sam greets cheering crowd



Kim Dae Jung surveys turnout in Seoul

The firebrand declared himself the victor.

Administration, the question is less who wins than the size of the victory margin. "We can work with anyone," says a State Department official. He fears, though, that a razor-thin win by any of the candidates would leave the new President without a clear mandate and lead to renewed instability.

That threat does not appear to preoccupy the South Koreans. Only last summer they seemed to be on the verge of chaos as tens of thousands of rock-throwing student protesters squared off almost daily against riot police. Instead of succumbing to civil chaos or a new military crackdown, the country defied all odds by laying down the constitutional groundwork for democratic reforms and advancing with astonishing speed to next week's election. Having come so far so fast, South Korea remains uncomfortably aware of the danger that, as in Haiti, an edgy military just might step in and undo their gains with equally astonishing speed.

—By John Greenwald, Reported by Barry Hillenbrand and K.C. Hwang/Seoul

TERRORISM

Furtive Swap

Did France cut an Iran deal?

The scene is a spy-thriller staple: idling autos drawn up at opposite ends of a bridge or a shadowed street or a landing strip; a swift, furtive swap of two men, pawns in an international power struggle. This time, though, the drama was real. At 12:40 p.m. last Monday, an Iranian passenger jet landed at Karachi Airport and taxied toward a French Falcon 50 waiting on a cleared section of the tarmac. Pakistani security police held off newsmen and photographers while French and Iranian consular officers supervised the exchange of two passengers. A few moments later, the First Secretary at France's embassy in Tehran, Paul Torri, wearing a tweed sport coat and a scarf against the cold, was in the Falcon en route to Paris. Within 30 minutes, Wahid Gordji, former interpreter at the Iranian embassy in Paris and a suspected member of a terrorist network that killed 13 people and wounded 160 in a wave of bombings last year in France, was also airborne, heading for Tehran.

Thus ended the so-called war of the embassies, the diplomatic standoff in which the French diplomat and the Iranian interpreter were held for five months as virtual prisoners in their embassies. Only 48 hours before the exchange, Premier Jacques Chirac's government had won the release of two French hostages in Beirut.

Had some form of comprehensive French-Iranian deal been arranged? The British suspected so. Reflecting Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's fury, London's major dailies charged that the French had betrayed the spirit if not the letter of a European Community agreement to refuse dealings with terrorists. Just as hotly, Paris denied the charge. In Washington and other allied capitals, uneasy questions were raised about what the French were up to. But the Reagan Administration, saddled with the Irangate scandal, was hardly in a position to castigate the French too harshly. At the E.C. summit meeting at Copenhagen, Chirac assured Thatcher that no ransom had been paid for hostages and no agreement made to sell arms to Iran.

Chirac faced relatively mild criticism from the opposition Socialists, who were reluctant to argue with what looked like success. If he manages to win the release of the three remaining Frenchmen held in Lebanon, he will be a hero to many of his countrymen and will thus improve his chances in next spring's presidential elections. But the Premier's high-risk dealings with Tehran could backfire if there is an Iranian double cross. As for France's allies, they were nervously wondering last week just what kind of deal, if any, Chirac had cut with Iran.

World

AFGHANISTAN

Show 'Em the Way To Go Home

With the rebels gaining, Moscow looks for an exit

The rebels' timing was impeccable. Najibullah, leader of the Moscow-backed regime in Afghanistan, was 15 minutes into his opening address at a National Assembly session called to adopt a new constitution giving him vast powers as President. Suddenly a rocket explosion shook the meeting hall. Three more blasts, each louder than the last, followed during the next few minutes. The beefy Najibullah, 41, known to his countrymen as the "Ox," never flinched as he outlined a policy of national reconciliation aimed at ending eight years of civil war. The rockets killed five people outside the hall, helping the rebels make a brutal point: they are closing in on a government that is growing steadily weaker and more dependent on the 115,000 Soviet troops who keep it in power.

Najibullah (like many Afghans, he uses no first name) was trying to consolidate his grip on the affairs of state, but the ground was moving beneath him. His effort to coax rebels back into the fold with offers of amnesty has failed. His army has become a demoralized shambles. Soldiers often refuse to fight and are deserting to the rebels in large numbers. Now he must face the most daunting prospect of all: a possible pullout of Soviet troops.

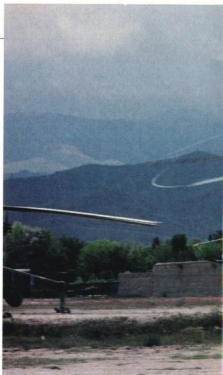


Najibullah, "the Ox"

For weeks the government of Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev has been sending signals that it is ready—even desperate—to disentangle itself from Afghanistan. On the eve of this week's summit meeting between the Soviet leader and President Ronald Reagan, the pace of the diplomatic maneuvering quickened. Before leaving Moscow for Washington, Gorbachev told NBC's Tom Brokaw that if the U.S. really wanted to find a "political" solution to the conflict, "it could be done very quickly." For his part, Reagan said in a speech last week that it was time for the Soviet troops in Afghanistan to "pack up, pull out and go home" and that he would push for such a withdrawal at the summit.

In Kabul, Najibullah and his Moscow backers began climbing down from their insistence on a 16-month schedule for the removal of Soviet troops. Now the Afghan leader, installed by Moscow in May 1986, proposed a twelve-month timetable. Significantly, he said his proposal "has already been negotiated with the Soviet side." Concluded a Western envoy in Kabul: "This is the summit proposal. This is the timetable they are offering."

U.S. officials responded cautiously.



"The dragon is dead": a Soviet-made Hind assault

"If they indicate a reasonable time frame for getting out, then there are perhaps ways in which we can help," said Michael Armacost, Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs. U.S. negotiators fear, however, that a deal will falter because of two Soviet preconditions for withdrawal: the formation of an interim government that includes Najibullah's People's Democratic Party, and the end of U.S., Chinese and other foreign military support of the rebel *mujahedin*. U.S. aid alone has been estimated at \$600 million a year.

Other elements of a peace plan are already in place, ready to go into effect if a timetable for withdrawal can be agreed upon. The settlement, worked out at United Nations talks in Geneva, would include the return home of some 3 million



A guerrilla takes a sighting on a BM-12 rocket launcher



Mujahedin leaders plot strategy at a camp along the border with Pakistan



helicopter takes off from a base at Kabul. Heatseeking missiles have neutralized the lethal choppers

Afghan refugees living in Pakistan and Iran and the establishment of a provisional government to supervise elections.

Though it is by no means certain that a Soviet pullout is imminent, Najibullah was hard at work last week trying to legitimize his regime in the eyes of his overwhelmingly Islamic countrymen. He billed the National Assembly meeting as a *loya jirgah*, an Afghan Muslim tradition in which village elders and religious leaders gather to consult in times of national crisis. Though the Afghan leader, who joined the Communist Party in 1965, has never been notably religious, he opened all his speeches with the Islamic preamble, "In the name of Allah, the beneficent and merciful..." To downplay his connections to Moscow, he dropped the red star from the national emblem and said it would no longer be necessary to address him as comrade. He even insisted, "We do not want to build a Communist society, and we are not a Communist Party."

The statements were almost certainly made with Soviet approval, an indication of the visitors' eagerness to start packing. The occupation has cost more than 25,000 Soviet lives, and drains as much as \$6 billion a year from the military budget. In addition, Soviet relations with the Muslim world have deteriorated, the Red Army's reputation for effectiveness has been tarnished, and Gorbachev's overtures to China and the U.S. have been hindered. One strong indication of the war's diplomat-

ic cost was last month's 123-to-19 vote in the U.N. General Assembly demanding withdrawal of Soviet troops, which came despite a Soviet public relations campaign seeking to justify the occupation.

However keen Moscow may be to cut its losses, some analysts are certain that the U.S.S.R. will prolong the occupation rather than allow a mass killing of Afghan Communists or the installation of an openly anti-Soviet government. But the latter may be unavoidable in the long run. Said a Western diplomat in Kabul last week: "Without Soviet troops, this government could not last six months. This is the dying gasp."

The likelihood of a dignified Soviet withdrawal has been diminished by a major development in the war: after years of

stalemate, the rebels are everywhere on the offensive. Soviet and government troops have firm control only over the largest cities, while the rebels, thought to be 200,000 strong, are more unified and better armed than ever and range freely across the countryside. An important reason for their new mobility: U.S.-supplied Stinger antiaircraft missiles that are being used with increasing success to deprive Soviet ground forces of the air support they long used to protect troops and supply lines.

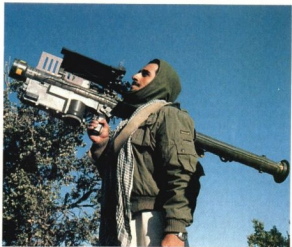
In Kunar province, northeast of Kabul, the rebels recently succeeded in organizing one of the largest and most complex offensives of the war. Long columns of *mujahedin*, armed with everything from 19th century Mausers to brand-new Egyptian- and Chinese-made Kalashnikov assault rifles, trudged up the forested ridges along the Pakistan-Afghan border. On Nov. 13 some 10,000 rebels attacked Soviet and Afghan government troops along a 60-mile front. In the first hour of the fighting, a *mujahedin* Chinese-made BM-12 rocket launcher at Nawa Pass, southeast of Asadabad, completely annihilated an Afghan army post in the valley below. In the past an operation of such scope and intensity would have been rendered impossible by attacking Soviet aircraft. "We are not afraid of the Russian jets anymore," a Stinger operator boasted to TIME's Rob Schultheis. "If they fly high enough to escape the Stingers, they are too high to hit us with their bombs anyway."

On the battlefield at Kunar, the once dreaded Mi-24 Hind helicopter gunships were taken almost entirely out of the fighting by the Stingers. They flew only a few sorties under cover of night, when Stingers are difficult to aim. Said *mujahedin* Leader Massoud Khalili of the helicopters' decline: "For nine years the dragon ruled the skies over Afghanistan. Now the dragon is dead."

Najibullah has tried to deny the rebels new recruits by offering refugees land and

jobs if they will return to their farms and villages. But barely 80,000 have taken him up on the offer, and no more than 10,000 rebels have given up the insurgency. Moreover, animosity lingers between some of the returned rebels and government forces. One day last week the morning calm in Kabul was shattered by bursts of machine-gun fire. It seems a tribal leader, a former rebel who is now a general in the Afghan army, took exception when security troops refused to let his armed bodyguards past a checkpoint not far from the National Assembly meeting hall. The ensuing fire fight left eleven dead and the general nursing wounds in a hospital.

—By Michael S. Serrill, Reported by Ken Olsen/Kabul and Nancy Traver/Washington



In the Kunar valley, an insurgent stands vigil with his Stinger

SOVIET UNION

A "Tragic Phantasmagoria"

Repentance, an anti-Stalinist blockbuster, opens in the U.S.

To any Westerner who doubts that things are changing in the Soviet Union, Tengiz Abuladze's *Repentance* will come as a shock. The 2½-hour film, which was first released in Moscow a year ago and opened in the U.S. last week, is a powerful denunciation of the Stalinist-style police state and all its horrors: personality-cult paranoia, official corruption, institutionalized mendacity, arbitrary arrests and executions, dehumanizing labor camps. That Abuladze was ever allowed

neral, which is soon followed by the appearance of his corpse in the family garden. He is reinterred, but reappears several times before the authorities capture the offending grave robber, a woman whose parents had been arrested and killed by Varlam, and take her to trial. Her testimony, studded with flashbacks and Fellini-like dream sequences, tells the story of Varlam's brutal reign. There are false denunciations, mass arrests and mad ravings by the tyrant, who utters such Newspeak ab-

Varlam's son and political heir, Avel, manages to have the woman locked up in a mental hospital. But Avel's own teenage son denounces him for lying about Varlam's crimes and shoots himself. In a belated act of repentance, Avel digs up the old tyrant's body and throws it from a precipice. The closing scene shows an old woman asking directions to a church. Told that she is on the wrong street, she replies, "What good is a street that doesn't lead to a church?" It is a powerful reinforcement of the film's religious motif.

An established Georgian filmmaker and Communist Party member, Abuladze, 63, began working on the project in 1981. That was during the twilight months of the Brezhnev era, hardly a propitious moment to launch such an iconoclastic work. Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze, who was then serving as Georgia's party leader, is said to have encouraged Abuladze to produce his film under the auspices of the Georgian television network rather than the Moscow-run national film studios. In late 1985 Shevardnadze reportedly arranged to show the film to several Politburo colleagues, including Party Ideologist Yegor Ligachev. Although Ligachev is known as a conservative, he apparently joined the others in approving *Repentance* for general distribution. A number of similarly outspoken films, books and plays appeared at about the same time, including Anatoli Rybakov's anti-Stalinist novel *The Children of the Arbat*, which is scheduled to be published in the U.S. next spring by Little, Brown & Co.

Repentance became an overnight sensation in the Soviet Union. It was first shown to select audiences in Georgia and Moscow in October 1986 and began appearing in public cinemas last spring. By the end of August, more than 4 million people had seen it in the capital alone. The movie also began to attract attention abroad, winning the Special Jury Prize at this year's Cannes Film Festival.

Repentance's success in the Soviet Union is no accident. A population that grew up in the shadow of Stalin's terror must find it both liberating and titillating to see his crimes exposed. For the Gorbachev government, on the other hand, works like *Repentance* form the cornerstone of a de-Stalinization campaign that both proclaims the lessons of an evil past and seemingly cleanses the current leadership of any direct association with it. In that sense, Gorbachev's insistence on leaving "no blank pages" in Soviet history suggests he has accepted the wisdom of George Santayana's observation that those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it. Still, some of the movie's themes, such as the use of mental hospitals to silence dissidents, are close enough to present Soviet practices to ruffle the complacency of the Kremlin's rulers—and make their approval of this powerful, disturbing film all the more remarkable.

By Thomas A. Sancton.
Reported by John Kahan/Moscow



Life and death of a tyrant: the despotic mayor's funeral scene; right, Varlam as played by Avtandil Makharadze

to make this film is remarkable. That it has been shown to millions of ordinary Soviet citizens, many of whom greeted it with standing ovations, is astounding. And that the Soviets chose to distribute the work abroad is a shrewd advertisement for that heady mixture of public relations and public confession that Mikhail Gorbachev has popularized under the banner of *glasnost*.

The film, which Director Abuladze calls a "tragic phantasmagoria," uses allegory, fantasy and surrealism to evoke the terror of a totalitarian system. His central character is Varlam Aravidze, the mayor of a provincial town. Varlam combines Stalin's close-cropped haircut, Hitler's mustache and Mussolini's black shirt to embody the image of a universal tyrant. Although the setting and time are undefined—secret police appear alternately as medieval knights or spear-wielding Roman centurions—there is no doubt that the real subject is Stalinism.

The action begins with Varlam's fu-

surdities as "Four out of every three persons is an enemy of the people."

One particularly striking scene depicts the woman's childhood memory of roaming through a lumberyard with her mother in hopes of finding her father's name carved on one of the logs sent there from a labor camp; their search is in vain, but another woman does spot her husband's initials and caresses them tenderly. Another memorable sequence shows the defendant's artist father, dressed only in a white loincloth, hanging by his wrists like the crucified Christ. It is one of several explicit religious images that portray the struggle of good against evil in a way that unfailingly identifies the latter with officialdom and the former with its victims. Lest the viewer miss this point, Varlam appears as the devil in one scene.

Upon concluding her testimony, the defendant vows to continue exhuming Varlam's body because "burying him means forgiving him"—a thinly veiled call for thoroughgoing de-Stalinization.

● It's good for you. It's bad for you. It causes cancer. It prevents cancer. It makes you more fertile. It makes you less fertile. You should get on it. You should get off it.

All the conflicting information floating around about the Pill is enough to make you contemplate abstinence. We recommend a far less drastic measure: educate yourself. Gather all the information you can from reliable sources and, together with your doctor, make the decision that's right for you.

Here are a few facts to start you off. First, the Pill is actually many

using the Pill. Even so, they usually become pregnant soon.

Some women wonder if their bodies need an occasional rest from the Pill. The simple truth is, they don't. And switching to a less effective form of birth control increases your chances for unplanned pregnancy. So much for giving your body a "rest."

TRUTHRUMOR

pills. Since its introduction in 1960, it's evolved from one high dosage product into many much lower in dosage. From 150 mcgs. of estrogen in 1960, down to 35 or less today. Yet, it's still the most effective form of birth control available to you other than sterilization.

What about the Pill and cancer? The Center for Disease Control has recently reported that women who took the Pill—even for 15 years—ran no higher risk of breast cancer than women who didn't.

The CDC also reported that ovarian and uterine cancer are substantially less common among women who use oral contraceptives. In addition, Pill users are less likely to develop benign breast disease, pelvic inflammatory disease (tubal infections) and ovarian cysts.

One of the Pill's greatest areas of misconception is conception. Does the Pill make you less fertile? Studies indicate that if you were fertile before you took the Pill, taking it should not affect your ability to have children later. However, some women may experience a short period of readjustment after discontin-

uing the Pill. Even so, they usually become pregnant soon.

Some women wonder if their bodies need an occasional rest from the Pill. The simple truth is, they don't. And switching to a less effective form of birth control increases your chances for unplanned pregnancy. So much for giving your body a "rest."

Even if you're already on the Pill, you should see your doctor at least once a year.

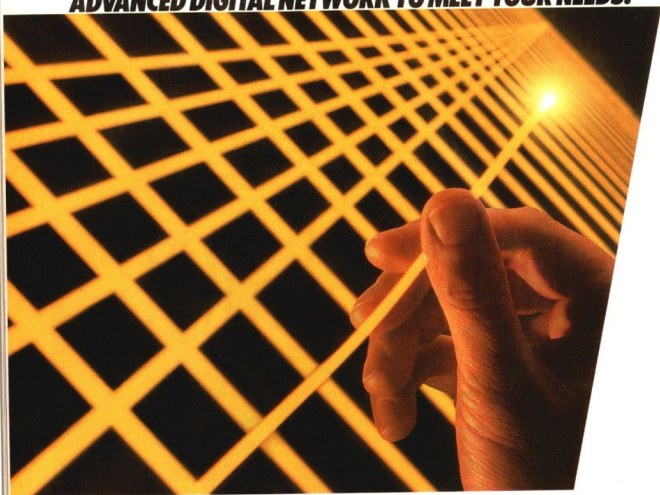
Decisions about birth control aren't easy and shouldn't be taken lightly. Moreover, they should be based on information from first-rate sources, not secondhand advice. If you're a Pill user, read the patient information regularly. Learn everything you can about what you're taking.

Whether you're considering getting off the Pill or getting on it, the better informed you are, the better you'll feel about your decision. And that's the truth.

A message from the Association of Reproductive Health Professionals through an educational grant from Ortho Pharmaceutical Corporation.

When the topic is the Pill, they're hard to separate.

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World Notes



Austria: marry now or forever hold your peace



Latin America: overhauling the OAS and ganging up on Washington

LATIN AMERICA

Talking Tough In Acapulco

No one expected any bold initiatives to come from the meeting. But at their conference in Acapulco last week, the Presidents of eight Latin American countries called for a sweeping overhaul of the Organization of American States, the Washington-based association of 32 hemispheric nations formed in 1948. Complaining that "for several years the OAS has not carried out its function efficiently," Mexican President Miguel de la Madrid asked for "a detailed re-examination and reinforcement" of that body.

Although the leaders were short on specifics, one goal clearly was to diminish the influence of a key OAS member that was not invited to the party: the U.S. Among other things, the so-called Group of Eight appeared to challenge Washington directly by suggesting that Cuba, which has been excluded for the past 25 years, should now be permitted to participate.

The conference also called for a ceiling on the repayment of Latin America's \$400 billion foreign debt—much of it owed to U.S. banks. For all the tough talk, however, the meeting accomplished little. The eight countries at Acapulco—Argentina, Brazil, Colombia, Mexico, Panama, Peru, Uruguay and Venezuela—have no means of imposing their views on the other

or OAS members. Still, the likelihood of an increasing regional assertiveness at odds with U.S. policies and interests brought little comfort to Washington.

VIENT NAM

Muzzling the Dogs of War

After a year of training in secret camps in Thailand, 200 exiled Vietnamese last summer launched a quixotic campaign. Part of a movement calling itself the National United Front for the Liberation of Viet Nam, they stealthily crossed the jungles of Laos last July, making for the Central Highlands of their homeland. There they hoped to link up with mountain tribesmen opposed to the Communist government and begin a guerrilla war to overthrow Hanoi. Each commando carried an automatic rifle and 200 rounds of ammunition. Beyond that, the battalion had only some rocket-propelled grenade launchers and machine guns. In August, a day's march from their goal, they were attacked by 2,000 soldiers of the Vietnamese army. More than 100 of the intruders were killed, 77 taken prisoner.

Last week the Communists put 18 of the captives on trial in Ho Chi Minh City. Seventeen were given three years to life in prison. Another was sentenced to five years of house arrest and "re-education." Hanoi has accused the U.S. of

supporting the subversives, a charge Washington denies. Despite its spectacular failure, the front continues to raise funds from overseas Vietnamese. Said a spokesman in Thailand: "It took Ho Chi Minh 60 years to win. We've got plenty of time."

AUSTRIA

The Surge To Merge

Young Austrians traditionally wed in the warm sunshine of May, when the flowering lilac trees perfume the air with romance. But this year thousands of couples are braving ice and snow to say their vows. In November three times as many marriages took place as in the same month last year; Vienna's nine city registrars' offices are booked solid for weddings until the end of the year.

The unseasonal nuptial rush has more to do with finance than with passion. To cut some \$1.7 billion from the estimated 1988 budget deficit of \$8.7 billion, the country's coalition Socialist-conservative government is not only slashing some formerly sacrosanct social benefits but, as of January 1988, dropping the \$1,350 wedding bonus that Austrian couples were traditionally given to help them get started in married life.

In the stampede to beat the cutback, lovers nervously pace in waiting rooms of municipal

offices Monday through Friday, waiting their turn before robed magistrates. One Vienna registrar's office performs up to 17 ceremonies a day, each lasting 30 minutes. Says a harried clerk: "You can't rush those poor people through. They have a right to a little music and a nice speech on their most important day."

TAXATION

Off with Her Head Tax!

In 1381, King Richard II's effort to impose a per capita levy helped touch off the Peasants' Revolt. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's version of the head tax may not inspire an uprising, but it certainly has angered a lot of Britons. Last week Parliament received Thatcher's plan, which would abolish property taxes on 18 million homeowners in England and Wales by 1994 and instead impose a fee ranging from \$500 to \$1,200 per person on 33 million adults. Thatcher seeks to raise some \$12 billion in revenue for local governments, which currently receive most of their money from taxes on property owners, a solid bastion of support for Thatcher's Conservatives. Opponents of the scheme, including some Tory M.P.s, charge that the new levy would fall most heavily on low-income families.

**Special
Report:
America the
Spendthrift**

Fighting the Urge to Splurge

The failure to save is catching up with U.S. consumers

December is usually no time for second thoughts about shopping. This is the merry month of mall hopping, a season of spending all the money that has been larded away—and then some. But wait: this may not be Christmas as usual. America's jingle-jangle shopping spree seems muffled so far this year. As customers browse among the cashmere sweaters and compact-disc players, many are having doubts not only about this month's expenditures but also about their whole philosophy of buy, buy, buy. The October stock-market crash and the likelihood of an economic slowdown next year have rekindled the feeling that Americans must reform their spendthrift ways. "Consumers are so far out on a limb," declares Economic Consultant A. Gary Shilling, "that the crash has shocked them into an agonizing reappraisal of their conduct."

Even though superheated consumer buying has helped fuel the economic boom of the 1980s, the heedless lack of saving also poses serious dangers. With too few reserves to fall back on, consumers might have to restrict their spending severely during a recession and thus aggravate the downturn. Other harmful side effects have already shown up. Profligate consumer spending on imported goods has ballooned the U.S. trade deficit, while the dwindling national pool of savings has forced America to borrow from abroad to meet its financing needs. Says Investment Banker Peter Peterson, a former Commerce Secretary: "Correcting the current imbalance assumes that America can embark on an enormous shift from consumption to savings. I hope we don't have to have a national crisis to reach a national consensus."

Curing the urge to splurge, says Harold Nathan, an economist for Wells Fargo Bank, will be a "painful, grueling process," since American consumers have so many incentives to spend rather than save. Easy credit, pro-consumption tax policies and an ethic of materialism have collaborated to turn

the 1980s into the Spree Decade. "You work to have *what* you like, *when* you like," explains Nino Merenda, 31, a hair stylist in Skokie, Ill. "At this stage, I'd rather have a nice car than money in the bank." In fact, Merenda owns two cars: an Alfa Romeo and a Fiat.

U.S. consumers are socking away only a token portion of their paychecks. Measured as the percentage of after-tax income that is not spent,

the U.S. personal saving rate dropped from 9% in the mid-1970s to 5.1% in 1985 and a shocking 2.8% in the third quarter of this year. "We have always had a fairly low saving rate, but the current drop is very large," says Economist Barry Bosworth of the Brookings Institution. The personal saving rate looks especially paltry when compared with the thriftiness of such major trading partners as Japan (15%) and West Germany (13%).

Personal reserves are only one part of the larger pool that



the nation draws upon for investments in capital projects and new businesses. Since corporate and government saving also help fill the pool, a decline in thriftiness on the part of households might normally be offset by surpluses in other parts of the economy. But the downturn in personal saving comes at a time when the Federal Government is doing even worse, running budget deficits that have totaled nearly \$1.3 trillion so far during the 1980s. Result: America's pool of savings is inadequate for the country's investment needs, forcing the U.S. to borrow more and more money from abroad. America's net foreign debt, nonexistent only three years ago, is expected to jump from \$264 billion in December 1986 to more than \$400 billion by the end of this month. Says Sheila Tschinkel, director of research for the Federal Reserve Bank of Atlanta: "What we're doing is relying on other people's savings, and future generations in the U.S. are going to be worse off because of it."

Consumers may at last be ready to start curbing their spending. When the Christmas shopping season went into full swing last week, retail sales were lackluster despite boisterous promotion and discounting. At many stores the growth of revenues is not even keeping pace with 1987's inflation rate of about 5%. Sears re-

ported last week that its November receipts rose only .7% over the same month in 1986, while J.C. Penney showed 4.3% growth. "People are looking more than they are buying. There is a level of concern and nervousness that wasn't there last year," said Mark Shulman, president of Henri Bendel, a tony New York City department store.

Business may pick up as the holiday draws nearer and memories of Black Monday grow fuzzier. But consumer confidence is getting no boost right now from the stock market. The Dow Jones industrial average took several dizzying downward steps last week, including a 76.93-point drop on Monday that ranked as the eighth largest one-day fall ever. For the week, it tumbled 143.74 points to close at 1766.74. The Dow is now just 28 points above its Oct. 19 nadir, and broader indexes of U.S. stocks are performing even worse. Shares on the American Exchange and over-the-counter market have fallen almost 20% below their Black Monday level.

The prospect of dreary Christmas sales and a slowing economy dampened the market so much that it shrugged off several bits of good news. The civilian unemployment rate dipped in November from 6% to 5.9%; it has not been lower since July 1979. Moreover, West Germany's Bundesbank announced a cut in the discount rate that it charges on

loans to banks, from 3% to 2.5%. That move, along with reductions by six other European central banks, could help boost the world's flagging economic growth.

Perhaps at no other time in the 1980s have economists focused such an intense spotlight on consumer behavior as an indicator of the economy's future prospects. Consumer spending, which constitutes two-thirds of the \$4.5 trillion U.S. economy, has been the engine of American growth in recent years. Since a long overdue return to thriftiness would put a damper on the economy, a too rapid conversion could be dangerous. "If everybody got religion and cut their spending 10%, we'd have a recession. Gradual change is what we need," says Cynthia Latta, senior financial economist for Data Resources, a forecasting firm.

In fact, America's shopping habit has become so ingrained that any lasting reversal may take a while. After the long-running, sunny times of the early '80s, many consumers feel little need for rainy-day reserves. Karen Peters, 43, of Orange, Calif., earns \$48,000 a year as a county executive but typically keeps less than \$1,000 in savings. On a recent trip to Santa Fe, she dropped \$3,000 on a lithograph and a turquoise necklace. Says Peters, a widow who spends a portion of her income to help support her mother, 67, and daughter, 21: "Having money in the bank doesn't do anything for me. I figure I owe it to myself to enjoy myself."

Attitudes about saving differ strikingly between members of the baby-boom generation and their parents. Barton Goldberg of Delray Beach, Fla., a retired retailing executive, and his wife Rita recall saving a \$1,800 nest egg in the 1950s on a salary of only \$13,000 while living in New York City and rearing two children. When the family moved to Virginia, where living costs were much less, the Goldbergs were able to save nearly half of Barton's take-home pay. Says their daughter Jane Warden, 34: "My parents were very big bargain hunters. My mother would wait and watch for something until it went down, and then she would go and get it."

In contrast, the daughter, a part-time clinical social worker, and her husband Richard, 40, a hospital administrator, see no reason to put off life's rewards. The Orlando couple saves almost nothing, despite a household income of more than \$100,000. The Wardens plan to take a Utah skiing vacation this winter, on credit, and aim to move up from their \$133,000 house to a model that costs \$200,000 or more the minute they can afford it. "We're not satisfied just to be comfortable," says Richard. "Compared to our parents, we really live on the edge."

Yet Americans are not spendthrifts out of pure whimsy or decadence. Over the past several decades, U.S. consumers have been influenced by fundamental social and economic forces. To begin with, the Viet Nam era bred a mood of



Economy & Business

pessimism and cynicism that led many young people to live for today rather than save for tomorrow. Next came the inflation of the 1970s, which pushed prices up 87% in one decade. Consumers became accustomed to buying in a hurry because prices were always rising. Even as inflation has cooled off in the 1980s, the manic shopping reflex continues, notes F. Thomas Juster, an expert on savings behavior at the University of Michigan.

A major incentive to spend is America's income tax structure, which does more to reward consumption than almost any other system in the world. The Government taxes savings twice: first as income, then again on the interest that the money earns in the bank. At the same time, the U.S. has historically encouraged borrowing by allowing consumers to deduct the interest they pay on installment debt. "Certainly there was no excuse for allowing this," declares Economist Rudolph Penner of the Urban Institute. That

provision, which made it easier for taxpayers to rationalize running up big balances on their credit cards, is being phased out under the 1986 tax-reform law.

America's biggest tax incentive to spend may be the unlimited deduction on mortgage interest. This sacrosanct loophole has fulfilled the worthwhile ideal of widespread home ownership, especially for first timers, but has encouraged people to make disproportionately large investments in housing instead of putting their money into the savings pool. Most other industrial countries impose limits on the mortgage interest that can be deducted. The U.S. mortgage-deductibility provision, contends Economic Commentator Robert Kuttner, is not only antisaving, but inflationary and inequitable as well. Wrote Kuttner in his 1984 book *The Economic Illusion*: "The effect is to fuel housing speculation, drive up prices, and to disproportionately help rich

people lower their tax bills. This has the perverse consequence of pricing housing beyond the means of poorer people, and at the same time it soaks up savings that might better be used elsewhere."

While a person's house is a nest egg, since it can be borrowed against or sold, the huge appreciation of real estate values in the 1970s tended to lull U.S. homeowners into the belief that they did not need financial savings as well. The roaring bull market of the 1980s has also contributed to that attitude by creating a so-called wealth effect in which stockholders feel rich on paper. The catch is that home values and stock prices can fluctuate, often cruelly, even though their growth seems so dependable during some periods. Says John Godfrey, chief economist for Barnett Banks of Florida: "If the stock-market crash did anything, it showed us that we can't count on that value being there."

In addition to the tax code, demographic changes have no doubt contribut-

Socking It Away in Japan

When Yozo Matsuoka was a manager at Honda's European operations in Brussels during the early 1980s, one of his neighbors was a Belgian pensioner. "This man lived a life beyond our imagining," recalls Matsuoka. "He owned his house, drove a nice car and rented a cottage in Spain for five months a year. I knew that they paid lots of taxes for the social-welfare system in Belgium, but I realized with envy the security they got in return."

Matsuoka, 46, is back in Japan now and, like most Japanese, is busy saving to ensure that in retirement he will enjoy something like the comfort his Belgian friend had. Every month 10% of Matsuoka's after-tax paycheck is automatically deducted and put into a company savings program. But Matsuoka's wife, who, like most Japanese wives, handles the family finances, is unsatisfied. She salts away even more cash from Matsuoka's twice-yearly bonuses.

Though Japan may be one of the world's most financially successful nations, its citizens worry about their futures as if they were impoverished. They fret over high tuition bills for their children, over the cost of buying a new house and especially over having enough money once they retire. Corporate pensions have nearly risen to the level of other industrial nations, but most Japanese consider such benefits inadequate. When Matsuoka reaches Honda's mandatory retirement age of 60, for example, he can expect a company pension of about \$1,500 a month (with no cost of living increases). "I can't live on that," he says.

His concern is a common one in Japan. Says Johsen Takahashi, chief economist of the Mitsubishi Research Institute: "We have a strong feeling that we have to take care of ourselves. The pension system, while greatly improved in recent years, is still not trusted. Many Japanese fear that a change in government or severe inflation would sweep away their future."

And so the Japanese save and save and save. The typical family has about \$61,000 put away, which amounts to 1.7 times the average annual salary. The most popular places for Japanese savings are the more than 23,000 branches of the government's Postal Savings Bureau, even though interest on its accounts runs as low as 1.7%. The bureau's \$871 billion in deposits makes it the largest savings institution in the world.

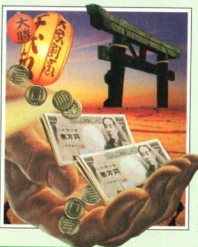
Ironically, the Japanese do not have a long tradition of thrift comparable to the Puritan ethic, which for centuries conferred upon Europeans (and, subsequently, Americans) a sense of moral rectitude for every penny saved. A dedication to saving became ingrained in the Japanese psyche only in the late 19th century, when the government, under Emperor Meiji, began cajoling the people into saving to supply capital for industrial modernization and, later, war.

After World War II, government policy continued to reinforce the saving ethic. In a mirror image of the U.S. system, interest income in Japan is exempt from taxation, while interest payments on loans do not qualify for tax credits. The Japanese have always saved, rather than borrowed, to finance such major purchases as cars or houses.

But as Japan's trade surplus has piled up and stirred resentment among other nations, the government has been forced to change its stance. National policy now calls for a boost in consumption so that Japanese manufacturers can sell more at home and less overseas. Beginning next year, interest on savings accounts will be taxed at a 20% rate. In the meantime, at least part of the population has started to loosen up. Credit-card use has risen sharply, especially among the young, and some Japanese are going into debt to take vacations or buy TV sets.

But though debt is a new growth industry in Japan, the average family's ratio of obligations to savings declined last year. Reason: the Japanese are putting more money into Tokyo's surging stock market, which, despite recent setbacks, has raised Japan's mountain of savings to new heights.

—By Barry Hillenbrand/Tokyo



ed to the savings drought. The baby-boom generation—the 76 million Americans born between 1946 and 1964—is in its peak spending years right now. According to the so-called life-cycle theory of savings behavior, people tend to do their heaviest borrowing and spending from their mid-20s to mid-40s. Then, after their children are grown, they start saving for retirement. Many economists predict that when a huge number of baby boomers reach middle age in the 1990s, the level of U.S. saving will improve.

Other scholars contend that the low saving rate is mainly a problem of definition. Much of today's saving, they say, has become institutionalized through corporate pensions and profit-sharing accounts. But the money that companies contribute to these plans on behalf of their employees is not counted by the Government as personal savings. Moreover, some economists point out, consumers are big savers in comparison with the free-spending Federal Government. Declares M.I.T. Economist Franco Modigliani, who won the Nobel Prize for his research on the behavior of savers: "It is the Government that is gobbling up our savings with its huge budget deficits."

Yet many American consumers have clearly shopped beyond their means. Adjusted for inflation, personal spending grew 21% between 1980 and 1986, while disposable income during that period rose only 17.6%. One reason is that consumers cannot seem to keep up with all the shiny new temptations. Never before have they been offered so many innovations to make life easier or more comfortable: cellular phones, cappuccino makers, home computers, hot tubs, Nautilus machines, camcorders, stereo TV sets, trash compactors, snow blowers. Giving in to impulse buying is easier than ever. The outlets are ubiquitous: shopping malls, mail-order catalogs, toll-free numbers, home-shopping networks, direct mail. Even a consumer's credit card bill, which contains the bad news about spending, is packed with offers for more merchandise.

The time between the introduction of a new product or service and its acceptance as a mainstream must-have has grown remarkably short. Case in point: some 45 million U.S. households, or 50% of the total, now own videocassette recorders. Says Lillian Mohr, director of the Center for Economic Education at Florida State University: "Young people have redefined the 'necessities.' I hear them

talking about how they 'need' a VCR or to go somewhere on vacation."

During the early 1980s Americans developed a pronounced taste for imported goods, stimulated by the strong buying power of the U.S. dollar. Moët & Chandon champagne could be fetched for a bargain \$13 a bottle, and sales of everything from Porsches to Paris designer dresses simply zoomed. But now that the dollar has declined some 40% against major currencies, the U.S. consumer's affinity for imports has grown far more expensive. Alas, Moët in Manhattan now goes for more than \$20.

By far the most dangerous lure is credit, which comes much more freely to

earning (and borrowing) power. "This is a society that tends to judge people by the way they spend money. There's very little reward psychologically for being a saver," says Rick Hartnack, senior vice president at the First National Bank of Chicago.

But as a matter of policy, how can the U.S. make saving more attractive? Perhaps the most popular suggestion calls for restoring the tax-free Individual Retirement Account contributions that were sharply curtailed under last year's tax-reform law. Introduced in 1974 and liberalized in 1981, IRAs became immensely popular as income shelters. Total IRA contributions grew from

an estimated \$28 billion in 1982 to \$45 billion in 1986. Many economists argued, though, that IRAs did not spur new saving, but simply encouraged the shifting of funds from other investments. Advocates of the retirement accounts, however, contend that IRA contributions were just beginning to spur greater thrift when they were restricted in 1986, and that they would provide a powerful stimulus for saving if restored. The problem with restoring the IRA deduction is that the tax break would swell the federal deficit unless the change was offset by other revenue.

A more sweeping strategy to boost saving would be to shift some of the tax burden from income to consumption. One method might be the imposition of a national sales tax, which would work like state levies. Another model is the value-added tax used in many European countries. The VAT is paid at every point in the production and distribution chain where a product's value has been enhanced. Consumers would pay their share at the retail level. But as sensible as those or other consumption taxes

may sound, they are too dicey politically to have much of a chance in Congress.

For the time being, if Americans increase their saving, they will be doing so voluntarily. At least some consumers are already showing signs of disillusionment with the rat race of materialism. Fear of hard times may be a growing incentive to save, along with anger over America's economic weakness. One New York savings bank, Dollar Dry Dock, was playing on those emotions in a recent full-page newspaper ad: IF YOU WANT TO HELP YOURSELF AND CONTRIBUTE TO BUILDING AMERICA'S ECONOMIC STRENGTH, CONSIDER "SOCKING AWAY" A LITTLE MORE OF YOUR INCOME. A shrewd pitch: saving is not only savvy, but patriotic too.

—By Stephen Koeps. Reported by Richard Hornik/Washington and Wayne Svoboda/New York



U.S. consumers than to their counterparts in other industrial countries. Many Americans who lack willpower tell how easily they got into trouble by accumulating a dozen credit cards or more. Consumer installment debt ballooned in recent decades, from 7.3% of disposable income in 1950 to 14.7% in 1970 and 15.5% in 1980. In mid-1987 it stood at a record 18.8%, or \$591 billion. Credit card companies, aiming to make consumers feel virtuous rather than guilty as they use their plastic, have even introduced new accounts in which a percentage of each purchase price goes to the cardholder's favorite charity or special-interest group.

Many economists think America's affinity for spending is a deep-seated cultural instinct. Since income is often regarded as the ultimate measure of success, people want to demonstrate outwardly their

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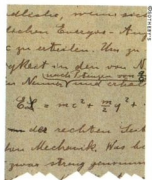
4-Wheel & Off-Road 4x4 of the Year



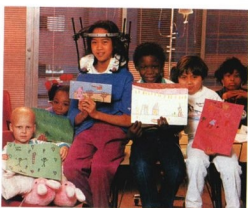
Business Notes



Beverages: a new morning pick-me-up



Collectibles: Einstein's rough draft



Retailing: cancer patients design cards worth \$540,000

BROKERAGES

Rescue Parties On Wall Street

Aftershocks from October's stock crash rumbled through Wall Street last week as several shaken brokerage houses took steps to bolster their financial health. First, Paine Webber agreed to sell up to 25% of its stock to Yasuda Mutual Life Insurance of Japan for \$300 million. The brokerage, which lost \$16.5 million in October, welcomed the investment as a defense against takeovers.

E.F. Hutton, on the other hand, sold itself to Shearson Lehman Bros. for about \$1 billion. That will create a brokerage giant with \$5.4 billion in capital, second in the U.S. only to Merrill Lynch's \$8 billion, and a sales force of 12,300, larger by 800 than the thundering herd's.

Kidder Peabody, which was reeling from a \$25 million insider-trading fine even before the market crash, is slashing its operations. The firm said it would lay off 1,000 employees, or about 13% of its work force.

RETAILING

Good Cheer, Good Cause

The artwork is amateurish, but many people are proud to send the holiday greeting cards pro-

duced by Houston's M.D. Anderson Hospital and Tumor Institute. They are the creations of cancer-stricken patients under the age of 17 who, armed with crayons and Magic Markers, draw original images, like a red-suited Santa in a brown cowboy hat. The hospital turns the pictures into cards and sells them worldwide (price: \$8 for a pack of 20).

Last year 2.75 million cards were sold, bringing in a record \$540,000, and this season's business is running ahead of that. Proceeds from the remarkable program, which began 14 years ago, enable the children to go to summer camp, take ski trips and receive college scholarships.

PRODUCTIONS

Funny Money, No Joke

Computers blink, phones ring, traders frantically shout buy and sell orders in a verbal version of hand-to-hand combat. A typical day on the New York Stock Exchange?

Not quite. The traders here talk mostly in verse: "That's \$80 million on his initial three. And that's from taking a risk instead of a fee." The setting is a stage, and quips fly as fast as stock tips. *Serious Money*, a new play by Britain's Caryl Churchill, opened last week at Manhattan's Public Theater. The comedy is already a critical and popular smash in Lon-

don's West End, where it has played to sellout audiences since July. Written as a bawdy, irreverent look at the greed that, in Churchill's view, has permeated London's financial community since last year's Big Bang deregulation, the satire has become all the more timely since the worldwide stock crash. The wild, convoluted plot revolves around an insidious insider-trading scam that leads to murder most foul.

Serious Money attacks many of the same people it skewers. In London, Morgan Stanley bought out the entire house one night, as did Shearson Lehman Bros. Over in New York, the Securities Industry Association is already planning its own night at the Public Theater. If this keeps up, who knows? Maybe brokers will start making their cold-call pitches in verse.

COLLECTIBLES

A Glimpse of Genius at Work

Can a price be put on the secrets of the universe? Sure, if the setting is Sotheby's Manhattan auction block. Last week a handwritten manuscript in which Albert Einstein laid out his "special" theory of relativity was sold to an unidentified bidder for \$1.16 million—a record for a manuscript at a U.S. auction.

Done in black ink and pencil around 1912, the 72-page

document has notes and corrections. In one spot Einstein wrote $EL=mc^2$ (L was a value that turned out to be 1) and then changed it to his famous $E=mc^2$ (energy equals mass times the speed of light squared).

The document is a rarity because Einstein discarded most manuscripts after they were published. In this case, publication was delayed by World War I. In the meantime, Einstein put aside the work and began to incorporate its ideas into a general theory of relativity.

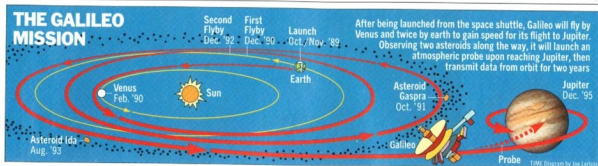
BEVERAGES

Ahh, That Cup Of... Coke?

Watch out, Folger's and Maxwell House. Coca-Cola is circling the breakfast table and coffee break. The Atlanta-based company is promoting the top-selling soft drink, which has only about one-third less caffeine than coffee, as the eye-opener of choice. Billboards and radio commercials in Atlanta, New Orleans and Knoxville urge people to have "a Coke in the morning." Local bottlers echo the theme in Kentucky, Oklahoma, Virginia, Wisconsin and Florida.

Nutritionists object to the campaign, since Coke has a fattening, tooth-decaying dose of sugar. One answer: wash down your oatmeal with a sugar-free diet Coke.

Space



Revvng Up for New Voyages

NASA announces plans for a Jupiter probe and a space station

The explosion of the shuttle *Challenger* nearly two years ago threw the U.S. space program into such staggering disarray that officials have shied away from predicting when the program would get back on track, much less undertake new ventures. Though the shuttle's return to service is still at least six months away, NASA officials last week managed to look beyond that crippling disaster and announced plans for two ambitious programs for the next decade. In 1989, the space agency declared, it will finally launch its long-delayed unmanned Galileo project to Jupiter, a 2.3 billion-mile mission that is expected to last eight years. NASA also awarded four contracts for the construction of the long-planned space station that will serve as the nation's first permanent outpost in space.

While the projects each offer exciting prospects, they amount to something less than the fully rethought agenda that many space experts have urged on NASA. For one thing, both depend on the restored health of the shuttle program, which will be used to launch the Galileo mission to Jupiter and provide transport for the components of the space station. For another, both the space station and the shuttle program confront major budget uncertainties.

The timing of last week's announcements reflected mounting external pressure on the beleaguered agency. The Galileo mission has an approaching launch "window" that will last only six weeks in the fall of 1989. As for the space station, NASA Administrator James Fletcher faced the growing impatience of firms competing for contracts that had each spent about \$75 million for preliminary design proposals.

The most striking new feature of the long-planned Galileo mission, first scheduled for 1982, is a looping itinerary that will provide momentum for the

spacecraft by utilizing the gravitational fields of Venus and the earth. This "sling-shot" routing became necessary when NASA officials decided that the rocket originally scheduled to boost the craft from a shuttle cargo bay could pose a hazard; it was replaced with a safer solid-fuel booster. Another change in plans involved putting extra gold sheeting on the Galileo spacecraft because of the scheduled pass close to the superhot atmosphere of Venus.

On its long voyage toward Jupiter, the spacecraft is scheduled to pass within 620 miles of the asteroids Gaspra and Ida, the

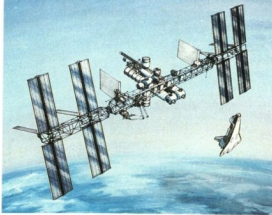
first such close encounter in the annals of interplanetary travel. Then, five months before reaching Jupiter near the end of 1995, Galileo is to release a 730-lb. probe that will become the first man-made object to penetrate the gaseous atmosphere of the planet. Its instruments are expected to transmit data on the Jovian atmosphere for about 75 minutes before being silenced by the planet's intense atmospheric pressure. Galileo is next scheduled to settle into a two-year-long orbit of Jupiter that will enable it to make detailed studies of the planet and four of its moons.

The space station, which could eventually cost up to \$30 billion, would serve as a laboratory for scientific, commercial and possibly military research, as well as a base for planetary exploration. Last week contracts for its construction went to Boeing (\$750 million), McDonnell Douglas (\$1.9 billion), Rockwell International (\$1.6 billion) and General Electric (\$800 million). Nineteen shuttle missions—only six fewer than have been flown since the program began in 1981—would be required to carry the station's 200 tons of hardware into orbit.

That daunting prospect is one reason why practically no one takes seriously NASA's contention that the space station could become operational as early as 1995. Says former Astronaut Donald ("Deke") Slayton, head of a private launch firm based in Houston: "The law of averages says it won't happen." Moreover, many scientists remain opposed to the concept of a manned station, contending that most of the experiments NASA has in mind can be conducted on unmanned missions.

But the pressures to get an American laboratory of some kind into space are strong. By a sobering coincidence, on the day after Fletcher made his contract announcement, the Soviet crew commander marked his 300th consecutive day aboard *Mir*, the world's only space station.

—By William R. Doerner,
Reported by Glenn Garelik/Washington
and Richard Woodbury/Houston



Artist's concept of orbiting outpost; inset, shuttle docking

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Video

TV's Week: Of Gab and Glasnost

The tube exerts growing impact on political events

Paol Simon's earlobes are too big, and his droning voice doesn't match the sprightly bow tie. Bruce Babbitt has trouble working up a convincing smile. Pete du Pont comes across as an eager accountant, and Al Gore could fit comfortably into the cast of *Dynasty*. All of them, however, could take a few lessons in TV communication skills from the Soviet Union's new media star, Mikhail Gorbachev.

Snap judgments emerged as quickly as the images last week, when TV took over the national stage for an extraordinary display of video diplomacy and politicking. On Monday the American public got its first extended look at General Secretary Gorbachev, in an hour-long prime-time interview conducted by NBC Anchor Tom Brokaw. The following night all twelve Democratic and Republican presidential candidates gathered for the first time to engage in a two-hour debate, again moderated by Brokaw. President Reagan snared his own half-hour of prime time on Thursday, answering questions from four TV anchormen in a session that had been planned before the Gorbachev appearance but was clearly intended to help counter it. By the end of the week even humble TV viewers knew, or thought they knew, as much about the men holding and vying for power as seasoned political pros. If that was just a TV-created illusion, it nevertheless served to dramatize the medium's huge and still growing impact in the political arena.

That impact is viewed with alarm by many. The rave reviews won by Gorbachev's television performance ("A tour de force"—*San Francisco Chronicle*) sparked grumbling that TV had given a slick propagandist a free platform from which to seduce the American people. The candidates' debate, too, was decried as another instance of TV's reducing complex issues to trivial matters of looks, per-



Exclusive encounter: Brokaw questions Soviet Leader Gorbachev in Moscow

forming style and catchy one-liners. Neither TV event, however, was a ratings blockbuster: both were soundly beaten by entertainment fare on the other networks.

The main question surrounding Monday's interview was the degree to which American TV was being manipulated. All three networks, as well as CNN, had sought a pre-summit interview with Gorbachev, but the Soviets gave the exclusive nod to NBC. CBS executives complained that their network was being punished for aggressive coverage of the war in Afghanistan and Dan Rather's combative questioning of Gorbachev in Paris two years ago. NBC executives preferred to see their coup as the fruit of a 2½-year negotiating campaign by veteran NBC News Executive Gordon Manning.

A dozen NBC staffers traveled to Moscow for the interview, which was taped on Saturday in the Kremlin's Council of Ministers building. The Soviets supplied most of the technical personnel, as well as interpreters for both men. (Gorbachev's smooth English words, sprinkled with fa-

miliar colloquialisms like "you know," were provided by Viktor Sukhodrev, who has translated for every Soviet leader since Khrushchev.) The NBC crew discovered Gorbachev's media savvy early on: a day before the TV session, he and his wife Raisa walked into the interview room alone to check out the seating arrangements and camera angles.

Under the ground rules, NBC submitted a list of subjects to be covered, but not specific questions. No topic was declared off limits by the Soviets. No editing was done on the interview, which lasted just under 59 minutes. The time limit worked to Gorbachev's advantage: his answers were long and sometimes evasive, giving Brokaw little time for follow-ups. "It was important that I try to get him on the record on a variety of issues," Brokaw said later. "I didn't want to end up in a debate about a single issue that would consume the whole hour."

If Gorbachev managed to control his TV appearance with verbosity, the twelve presidential hopefuls who assembled in Washington's Kennedy Center on Tuesday had to get attention in one-minute snippets. The format was livelier and more freewheeling than many such encounters. Brokaw posed questions in rapid-fire, seemingly random fashion, and there were no canned opening or closing statements. Given little time to make an impression, several participants resorted to camera-inspired gimmicks. Babbitt, presenting himself as the only candidate to favor tax increases to reduce



President Reagan is grilled by anchormen in the Oval Office
One-liners, camera-inspired gimmicks and prime-time diplomacy.

the budget deficit, sprang from his chair at one point and challenged the others to "stand up" for his approach. Richard Gephardt attacked one of his chief foes in the coming Iowa caucuses, Paul Simon, with one-liners such as "Simonomics is really Reaganomics with a bow tie." George Bush got the evening's biggest laugh in responding to his opponents' gloomy assessment of Administration efforts to combat AIDS. "I just am all depressed," he said. "I want to switch over and see *Jake and the Fatman* on CBS."

Amid such ploys, in-depth discussion of issues was all but impossible. The presence of both Democrats and Republicans on the same stage, moreover, seemed to leave some candidates confused about which foes to fight. Given a chance to ask a question of one predestinated rival from the same party, some candidates chose to attack; others lobbed



Republicans Bush, Dole, du Pont and Haig before the debate

a softball that could be smacked toward their mutual rivals across the stage.

All of which raises the familiar complaint that TV is damaging the political process. That TV has changed the process is undeniable; that the change is necessarily bad is less certain. Catchy campaign slogans were hardly invented by TV, nor

was the practice of oversimplifying issues to appeal to voters. Successful political leaders have always been those who adapt best to the dominant communications medium of the day. Politicians of the 19th century were rewarded for having booming oratorical voices or an imposing physical presence. TV places a premium on other, more intimate qualities like warmth and sincerity.

Of course, brief tidbits from a televised debate or an hour-long "conversation" staged for TV can hardly give viewers a complete picture. But it is more of a picture than they would have got even a decade ago. The important thing, notes NBC News President Lawrence Grossman, is to explain the ground rules and set up the event "in a way that gives people a chance to draw their own conclusions." TV may be the medium, but the message is still judged by human beings.

—By Richard Zoglin

Reported by Naushad S. Mehta/New York

Newswatch

Thomas Griffith

High Moments in a Low Key

In a curious way, NBC's exclusive televised one-hour "conversation" with Mikhail Gorbachev in Moscow last week seemed to pose more of a challenge to NBC and Tom Brokaw than it did to Gorbachev.

The world is now accustomed to the contrast between Gorbachev's style and that of his thuggish Soviet predecessors—brutal, cunning, stony-faced—but it still marvels at how the sterile Soviet system could produce a leader so articulate and reasonable in tone if not substance. Too adroit to be trapped into indiscretions, he made no news and obviously did not intend to. But he left the impression he wanted, of a man prepared to be conciliatory who would never give away the store. Television is no place for serious argument anyway; the eye demands distraction, and the camera zeroes in on Gorbachev's gesturing hands. Where television is unexcelled is the chance to observe a man's demeanor as he answers questions that he has not seen in advance.

And how did the representative of our side do? Tom Brokaw seemed awed and a bit nervous. The night before, he says, "I woke up in the middle of the night and reviewed some of my notes. I laughed at myself because I knew I was awake and I was sure Gorbachev was sleeping soundly." Perhaps to many Brokaw seemed not weighty enough to put up against Gorbachev; he is handsome, easy, youthful-looking ("What year were you born in?" Gorbachev asked him. 1940). Walter Cronkite would have looked more mature, Dan Rather more aggressive (though when he feels the need to, Rather can play respectful). But Brokaw can be fast on his feet, and was well prepared. His usual interviewing style, honed in years of showbiz chatter on the *Today* show, is to be friendly, ingratiating, nonthreatening. In Moscow, Brokaw was so uncharacteristically solemn that he sometimes covered his mouth as if determined not to grin back at Gorbachev's smiles. Brokaw's behavior was remarkably self-effacing, and for the occasion quite appropriate. It was a welcome relief from those television news performers who through hyperconfidence or gall treat everyone they face as

their intellectual equals (or perhaps inferiors). After all, a meeting between a television journalist and the Soviet dictator is not a battle of the giants.

Brokaw was neither stooge nor combatant. His tactic was to ask sharp, tight questions but rarely argue back. His concern, he says, was not to "showboat" himself and not to let Gorbachev filibuster with windy answers, though there was no way to stop him, says Brokaw, "short of reaching over and grabbing him by the tie, which I almost did." Gorbachev is unabashable, as seasoned politicians come to be, but as a salesman and defender of Communism, he was nowhere. He was more convincing on the question of how much he wants, and perhaps needs, to reduce the arms race. A Mike Wallace might have increased the temperature of the exchanges, but Gorbachev doubtless would have made the same points and in his own way.

Among Brokaw's closing human-interest questions was "Do you go home in the evening and discuss with [wife Raisa] national policies, political difficulties and so on in this country?" "We discuss everything." "Including Soviet affairs at the highest level?" "I think I have answered your question in toto." That was the only exchange that was truncated when the interview was broadcast to the Soviet people.

Then Brokaw hurried back to Washington, where 72 hours later he was the ringmaster of the first televised debate in history between all the Republican and Democratic candidates. On his own turf, relaxed and sure of himself, Brokaw was the star of the evening. But this too is television. The twelve candidates were disadvantaged by their numbers. Brokaw put them through the hoop, cutting them off on cue, egging them on to criticize one another. Trial by sound bite—surely a poor test of presidential capacity.

For Brokaw it was the biggest week of his career. Along with Peter Jennings, his rival anchor over at ABC, and Public Television's MacNeil-Lehrer, Brokaw epitomizes a welcome trend in television newscasting—urbane, intelligent and low-keyed.



NBC's Tom Brokaw

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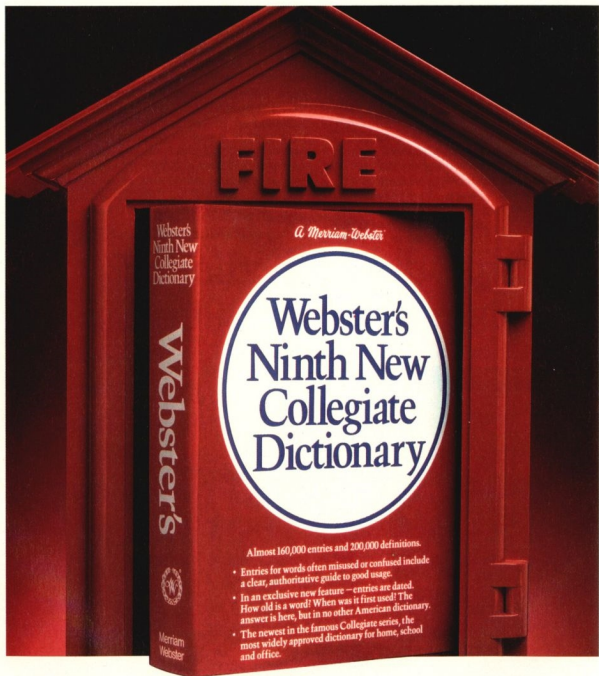
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Law

Filling Uncle Sam's Auction House

As lawyers protest, crimebusters turn to confiscation

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restaurants. Businesses are often temporarily run under Government auspices until confiscation proceedings are completed.

Three weeks ago the U.S. made its largest sale ever of a single confiscated item—a red 1963 Ferrari racer, one of only 32 of the special twelve-cylinder model in existence. Federal prosecutors claimed that a slain narcotics smuggler bought the Ferrari with drug proceeds (\$345,000 in cash carried in a knapsack). He subsequently gave the car to a

property." Possessions used in committing certain federal crimes, a car for example, have long been subject to seizure. Since 1970, however, Congress has also allowed confiscation of the proceeds of some crimes under half a dozen major federal crimebusting statutes. Business began booming after a 1984 law provided for seizure of crime-related assets even if they have been sold or transferred. Moreover, money from the sale of goods has given federal and local agencies an extra incentive for confiscations.

Defense lawyers are alarmed. In criminal trials the Government must always prove guilt, but in many confiscation proceedings the burden of proof falls on the person who wants to reclaim his



Horses grazing last week at seized (and posted) Florida ranch; also grabbed: choice condos and apartment complexes

The Government may not hawk goods like a job-lot auction house, but it is becoming quite a bargain hunter. Across the U.S., law-enforcement officials are enthusiastically confiscating property acquired through criminal activity or used in committing crimes. Such seizures have become a major police weapon for squeezing crooks, especially drug dealers. During fiscal 1986, federal marshals handled \$550 million in confiscated cash and property under 130 laws, a fivefold increase since 1981.

The glitziest grab yet was the horse ranch and other Florida real estate seized last week by Government agents. The U.S. expects to sell off the booty as soon as a judge is persuaded that each property was bought, as the Government charges, with narcotics profits traced to three reputed Colombian drug chieftains. Besides horses and real estate, agents in other cases have grabbed a surplus Navy bomber, a \$25,000 gold-plated motorcycle, high-speed motorboats, a marina, a topless bar and a pair of Atlanta rib

Connecticut mechanic for services rendered. The feds seized the car and, when the mechanic was unable to prove that he had no reason to suspect a crime connection, agreed to give him a mere \$135,000 as a settlement. A Rhode Island auto dealer is paying \$1.6 million for the car.

"It's really getting to be scary," complains Defense Attorney Tom Nolan of Palo Alto, Calif. "We're going back to 16th and 17th century Britain, where if you committed a crime you forfeited your

goods. The thorniest disputes involve prosecutors' efforts to seize lawyers' fees when the defendant's money has come from illicit profits. The Justice Department claims it uses the fee gambit only in clear cases, but a spokesman for the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers charges, "A lot of people can't get a lawyer of their choice, and many can't get a lawyer at all." Civil libertarians say fee forfeitures undermine a defendant's right to legal representation.

Certainly it can make mounting a defense harder. The notorious Carlos Lehder Rivas, said to be a leader of the Colombian cartel involved in last week's ranch seizure, had to scour southern Florida to find a lawyer willing to represent him in his current Jacksonville trial. His attorneys signed on only after he provided solid proof that they would be paid with untainted—and unconfiscable—money.

—By Richard N. Ostling, Reported by Anne Constable/Washington and Joyce Leviton/Atlanta

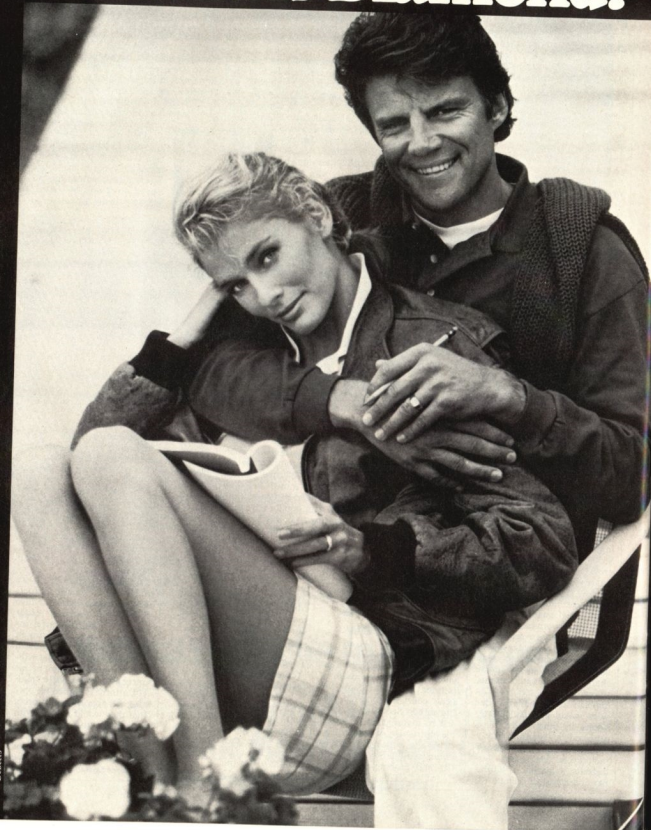
Investigating Scott Turow

In the best-selling *Presumed Innocent*, a Midwestern prosecutor is falsely accused of murder. Now a federal appeals court has ordered that the author, Scott Turow, himself be investigated for possible obstruction of justice.

While working in 1983 as an assistant U.S. Attorney in Chicago probing corruption,

Turow okayed the wiring of a Miami attorney turned informant. The hookup recorded conversations between the lawyer and a client then on trial in an unrelated case. This, declared the court, was "reprehensible." Currently in private practice, Turow angrily insists—with the support of Chicago's U.S. Attorney—that his decision was both proper and approved by higher-ups. The denouement to this real tale of tattle will take months to unwind.

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Medicine

Step in the Right Direction

The President's AIDS panel releases its first report

"We're not saying that AIDS is under control," said James Mason, director of the Atlanta-based Centers for Disease Control. "We are saying that it's not spreading like wildfire." That conclusion, the result of a CDC study released last week along with a preliminary report by President Reagan's AIDS commission, was little comfort to many Americans: AIDS has killed nearly 27,000 people in the past seven years, and is expected to infect a quarter of a million more by 1991. Nonetheless, the two reports met with cautious approval, even among critics, for the Administration's attempt to find some way out of the AIDS nightmare. Said Martin Delaney, a San Francisco AIDS activist: "They are moving in the right direction. The report doesn't contain any of the ideological nonsense we expected."

Few had thought that the commission would get so far so fast. Both the chairman and vice chairman of the original presidential panel resigned last October amid reports of internal bickering. The same month, in the largest gay-rights demonstration ever, 200,000 marchers in Washington protested the Administration's handling of the epidemic. Even so, the 13-member commission, now led by retired Admiral James Watkins, produced a 25-page report that denied the lack of resources and information needed to combat AIDS. "It is the firm belief of the commission that there is much to be done," the document concluded. "Too much time has elapsed and too many people have become afflicted while questions remain unanswered."

The commission singled out four critical areas for immediate investigation: the lack of low-cost hospices or home-based care for AIDS patients, the scarcity of drugs to fight the disease, the shortage of treatment programs for intravenous drug users, and the lack of hard figures on the extent of the epidemic.

"We're trying to recommend budget priorities and where dollars ought to be spent on education and health-care facilities," said Chairman Watkins. Those decisions, he asserted, depend on data that should have been established by now. Such information could not only help resolve the controversy over just how vulnerable heterosexuals are to the disease but also identify new risk factors.

The CDC, for its part, reported that the epidemic seems to have stabilized. As many as 1.5 million people are now infected, most of them in high-risk groups like homosexual men and intravenous drug users. But the rate of new infection among homosexuals has fallen dramatically. Moreover, there are no signs of the much feared "breakout" of AIDS into the

heterosexual population. Still, infection among IV drug users has skyrocketed. "It's clear that we are dealing not with just one epidemic but a series of subepidemics," declared U.S. Secretary of Health and Human Services Otis Bowen.

Despite its encouraging intentions, the real test for the panel will come in the next six months, as it makes its final recommendations. Many wonder if the commission's plea for solid data about the extent of the epidemic con-



Loud and clear: gay demonstration in October

ceals a resolve to broaden mandatory testing. Last week prospective immigrants to the U.S. joined military personnel, blood donors and other groups now required to submit to AIDS testing. The commission tabled discussion on AIDS education until February in spite of widespread agreement among health professionals that educational programs are the most effective way to combat the disease. The panel's recommendations will have to strike a balance between acceptable government-sponsored initiatives and what it has called "personal responsibility." Watkins and his team have made a credible beginning, but AIDS has had a considerable head start.

—By Christine Gorman.
Reported by Dick Thompson/Washington, with other bureaus

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THE *Heartbeat* OF AMERICA  TODAY'S CHEVROLET

Design



The majestic dome of St. Paul's Cathedral surrounded by a discordant jumble of later buildings: a collective absence of mind

J. ALLAN CADY

Wrecking Wren's London Skyline

The city's new buildings are a desecration, says a royal critic

He's done it before. In 1984 he called a proposed design for a new wing of the National Gallery a "monstrous carbuncle on the face of a much loved friend." In the same speech he characterized a planned Mies van der Rohe office building in London's financial district as a "glass stump." Opening a factory last May, he likened the new building to a Victorian prison—to the delight of the workers, if not of management. But last week Prince Charles swapped his sniper's rifle for a shotgun and took his broadest aim yet at Britain's architects and planners. The charge: despoiling London's historic skyline.

"You have to give this much to the Luftwaffe," the Prince said at the annual dinner of the Corporation of London Planning and Communications Committee. "When it knocked down our buildings, it didn't replace them with anything more offensive than rubble. We did that." Worst of all, he complained, Sir Christopher Wren's majestic St. Paul's Cathedral has been overshadowed by a jumble of ugly office buildings. "In the space of a mere 15 years, in the '60s and '70s, your predecessors as the planners, architects and developers wrecked the London skyline and desecrated the dome of St. Paul's," the Prince lectured the stunned black-tie audience.

Tough words from the heir to the throne, however amateur his status as an architecture critic. And they were all the more jarring to Britons who consider their capital the embodiment of cultural sophistication. Yet the Prince had a point. Architecturally, the capital lost its way after World War II. Short-sighted planners with paper-thin budgets did compound the devastation of the Blitz. The glories of John Nash's Regency terraces, Inigo Jones' Banqueting House, John Soane's Bank of

England and Wren's churches were juxtaposed with discordantly cheap, gray cement-and-glass office boxes and grim "purpose-built" public housing that sprouted in craters left by German V-bombs. Squares and courtyards were bulldozed flat. Planners who felt that London was too dense and dark decided that new buildings should reach up high in search of light. They rose, in fact, to the 52-story, 600-ft. level of the NatWest Tower, dwarfing the 365-ft.-high St. Paul's dome. According to Gavin Stamp, architecture critic of the London *Daily Telegraph*, "Wren's skyline was lost, not owing to any conscious decision, but to a sort of collective fit of absence of mind."

Much of the ugliest architecture is in and around the City, London's financial district. Some of the worst examples: the crude, polygonal Stock Exchange tower; the gloomy, 35-acre concrete jungle of Barbican Center, which includes apartments, shops, offices and a cultural center; and the cheap glass series of towers constituting London Wall. In other London districts examples also abound, many built with public funds. One of the least distinguished is the coarsely slablike headquarters of the Department of the Environment, which may help explain its failure to advance the cause of quality architecture.

Despite the plethora of poorly designed and shabbily constructed buildings, there have been some intriguing additions. The most stunning development project in London, indeed in Western Europe, is the multibillion-dollar regeneration of the

Docklands, the decayed wharf district along the River Thames in the City's east end. Today the government-sponsored project boasts attractive apartments and offices, and even an airport.

For controversy, nothing touches the new Lloyd's of London building, the exotically complex but exciting insurance-exchange headquarters designed by Richard Rogers. The structure is designed around a soaring, 240-ft. atrium and, recalling Rogers' 1977 Pompidou Center in Paris, its elevators and its plumbing, heating and air-conditioning ducts are exposed on the outside. The building has its champions, but many underwriters complain of a lack of light, proper ventilation and heating. Lloyd's plans to redesign parts of the interior.

One undoubted recent success is James Stirling's multicolored Clore Gallery, a wing of the Tate Gallery, which opened earlier this year as the repository of the Tate's nonpareil J.M.W. Turner collection. Stirling created a well-proportioned and handsome set of viewing rooms with a crisply formal yet amusing exterior, highlighted by a cutaway pediment entrance. As for the National Gallery, after several abortive efforts, including the "carbuncle" debacle, it has settled for restraint: a safe, classically modern stone-faced design by American Architect Robert Venturi for its much needed \$63 million extension.

Buildings like the Clore Gallery and Venturi's addition, which contrast but do not clash with their neighbors, are hopeful auguries for the London skyline. This may be the computer age, but, as Prince Charles says, why do people have to be surrounded by "buildings that look like such machines?" The answer, as Londoners may be starting to realize, is that they don't.

—By Christopher Ogden/London



Charles giving speech

Books

Liberating Youthful Spirits

A seasonal menagerie of appealing creatures

When he was asked about his audience, C.S. Lewis, author of the classic Narnia tales, refused to comment on the "difficult relations between child and parent or child and teacher." An author, he thought, "as a mere author, is outside all that. He is not even an uncle. He is a freeman, like the postman, the butcher, and the dog next door." This year, eleven outstanding books seem to have been composed by liberated spirits, outside the family but intensely interested in it. If the dog next door met any one of them, it would surely set its tail in wildly enthusiastic motion.

The days of the young are numbered, usually with boring arithmetic drills. Bert Kitchen enlivens those routines by granting the digits wit and style. From one to ten, and then in larger leaps, *Animal Numbers* (Dial; \$11.95) presents fauna with their offspring: a kangaroo and one joey, for example; a swan and two cygnets; a setter and ten puppies. A visit to this overflowing menagerie adds up to swift and painless math (and biology) lessons.

The Caslon Players are not actors; they are letters. The name of the troupe refers to their typography. As for the play, it consists of cavorting onstage in this year's most original alphabet book, *The Z Was Zapped* (Houghton Mifflin; \$15.95). Chris Van Allsburg's narrative grants



Gerstein's *The Mountains of Tibet*



Clockwise from upper left: Tejima's *Fox's Dream*, Provensens' *Shaker Lane*, Harrison's *The Cremation*

each performer an alliterative role: the D was nearly Drowned, the I was nicely Iced, the Y was Yanked away. His mastery of pencil and graphite dust humanizes the characters and lends them an air of drama, as if they were about to receive major parts in the theater of words, paragraphs and books.

Once numbers and letters lead lives of their own, colors cannot be far behind. And, indeed, they provide the supporting company of Peter Sis' *Rainbow Rhino* (Knopf; \$11.95). Birds of primary hue—red, yellow and blue—lure their beehemoth friend through poppy fields and banana groves searching for tranquility. It will surprise no one that they find it back in their own back veld. Happily, the simpleminded text is augmented with whimsical drawings that show a mature eye and a youthful awe.

The jungle also occupies William Steig, who, at 80, has found the source of eternal juvenilia. The proof is in his 21st children's book, *The Zabababa Jungle* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; \$13.95). The author-illustrator enters the imagination of Leonard, a small rover who cuts his way through underbrush populated with beaky toucans and blue-bottomed mandrills. After a series of hilarious escapades, the boy encounters the most unexpected creatures of all: his mother and father. They look relieved to see him, and why not? What are young explorers for except to rescue grownups?

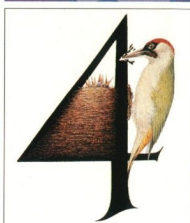
Animals dominate the fantasies of children, but no one is sure what occupies the minds of animals. Tejima, a Japanese artist, offers one surmise in *Fox's Dream* (Philomel; \$13.95). The furry protagonist is pictured in stark, evocative woodcuts as he prowls through wintry forests. His dream reveals that warm-blooded creatures differ more in style than substance. Like any sensible human, the quick

The world of Painter Georges Seurat is populated





of Sam McGee, Kitchen's Animal Numbers, Sis' Rainbow Rhino, the Dillons' The Porcelain Cat



pen to follow her home. The answer is no. Desperately, she goes everywhere with a roller skate on a leash, to prove that she is capable of caring for something besides herself. Along the way, she learns a double moral: the value of patience and of parents. Aesop never said it better.

Another domestic mammal has the lead in Michael Patrick Hearn's *The Porcelain Cat* (Little, Brown; \$12.95). A medieval sorcerer wants to bring a feline statue to life. For that he needs an ingredient not sold in stores: basilisk blood. Out goes his assistant, a boy destined to encounter a witch and a centaur before he brings about the ironic ending. Hearn has obviously been spending time with the Greek myths, but his narrative is modernized with paintings by Leo and Diane Dillon, who know a few enchantments of their own.

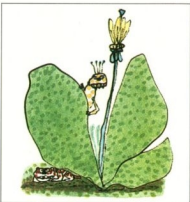
Mordicai Gerstein is even more exotic in *The Mountains of Tibet* (Harper & Row; \$11.95). A woodcutter plans to travel the world, but he finds that he has grown old without ever leaving home. Yet when he dies, no tragedy attends his passing. A voice informs his spirit, "You may become part of the endless universe some call heaven, or you may live another life." He makes a delightful choice. Reincarnation would not seem a promising basis for a children's book, but Gerstein's fluid text and swirling, imaginative paintings are filled with light and reassurance. This is a work that will have many lives.

Fans of Poet Robert W. Service know that despite the title, *The Cremation of Sam McGee* (Greenwillow; \$13) is comic art. Some 80 years after the poem was composed, Painter Ted Harrison has complemented the work with bold and antic landscapes of the Yukon in the days of the gold rush. McGee, frozen over, demands, "I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate my last remains." His listener agrees, only to find a surprise when he opens the furnace door. Sam is inside, burbling, "Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first time I've been warm." A one-joke poem; still, how many jokes—or verses—have lasted for almost a century?

Even Bugs Bunny has to hop aside when Brer Rabbit comes by. The big-eared varmint has been a folk hero since early slave days, and his sly outwitting of bullies and bosses is history disguised in fur and interpreted by the victims. *Jump Again!* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$14.95) demonstrates that a classic offers something fresh to each generation. This time it is Van Dyke Parks' riotous retelling and Barry Moser's elegant watercolors. Beneath the new surface, of course, the hero is instantly familiar, once again outmaneuvering Brer Fox, Weasel and Bear, winning the paw of Miss Molly and proving graphically that when trouble comes, "There's always a way, if not two."

Exurbanites, among others, know the only permanent thing is change. Alice and Martin Provensen serve a child-size portion of that wisdom in *Shaker Lane* (Viking; \$14.95). Into the old Shaker country of abandoned farms come the first of the home builders. A sleepy village is born. In time it gives way to county developers. Where once there were bulls there are now bulldozers, and in their wake come tract housing, aboveground swimming pools and backyard basketball courts. One hold-out remains, surviving on his houseboat, a poignant reminder of the rural past. The Provensens' flat, colorful paintings are nostalgic for the old times without putting down the present. They imply that however the land alters, one basic need endures: a good place for children to play, read and dream.

—By Stefan Kanfer



Steig's The Zabajaba Jungle

brown fox longs for sunshine, warm days and someone to play with.

Dayal Kaur Khalsa introduces a more familiar animal in *I Want a Dog* (Potter; \$10.95). An eager young girl named May has only one wish, a canine of her own. "When you're older," replies an elder, and the highly colored tale begins. May carries a slice of salami, and gets trailed by ten potential pets who just hap-

py canines in Khalsa's *I Want a Dog*



Books

Bearing Witness to the Truth

James Baldwin: 1924-1987

When *TIME* Senior Writer Otto Friedrich was living in Paris in 1948, he formed a lasting friendship with the young James Baldwin. Following are his reminiscences of his old colleague, who died last week in France at 63.

Late at night in Paris—and it was almost always late at night in Jimmy Baldwin's Paris—he would occasionally take out a ball-point pen and start drawing a large rectangle on what was left of a beer-stained paper tablecloth. Inside the rectangle he would slowly write, sometimes with a faint smile on his lips, a series of incantatory words:

Go Tell It on the Mountain
A novel

By James Baldwin

That was the dream that enabled him to survive the bleak and penniless early years in Paris, the dream that the chaos of manuscripts he had piled up in his grimy little hotel room—all the retyped drafts and new inserts and scribbled revisions—really was a novel and would someday make him famous. A short and rather pudgy youth with froggy eyes, Jimmy had

worked on this book about his Harlem boyhood for five or six years back in the U.S. But he had run through a publisher's advance without getting the novel finished. He had worked at odd jobs, waiting on tables in Greenwich Village.

Then one day he had walked into a restaurant and asked for a glass of water, and the waitress looked at him blankly and said, "We don't serve Negroes here." After the many snubs and insults he had received all his life, something snapped. Jimmy threw a mug of water at the waitress and then ran out, terrified because "I had been ready to commit murder from the hatred I carried in my heart."

So he escaped to Paris in 1948 and lived in France for most of the next 40 years. There he wrote more than 20 books, including seven novels, four plays and five collections that contain some lastingly important essays. He defined and demonstrated in a new way what it meant to be black, and to be white as well. And when he died last week of stomach cancer at his home in St.-Paul-de-Vence, he died covered with honors. "It's a love affair," he said on being made a com-

mander in France's Legion of Honor in 1986. "This is the place where I grew up, insofar as you can ever say you grew up." Jimmy did, of course, finally get that first novel finished. "*Mountain* is the book I had to write if I was ever going to write anything else," he later told the *New York Times*. "I had to deal with what hurt me most. I had to deal with my father." His father—stepfather, actually—had been a Harlem preacher so possessed by anger that he regularly beat his children. "His father's arm, rising and falling, might make him cry," Jimmy wrote in the autobiographical *Mountain*, "yet his father could never be entirely the victor, for John cherished something that his father could not reach. It was his hatred and his intelligence that Johnny cherished, the one feeding the other." Jimmy had become a preacher too, when he was 14, and that was to color everything he wrote.

Mountain brought Jimmy a considerable success when it was finally published in 1953, and that enabled him to put together a collection of his searing essays, *Notes of a Native Son* ("Each generation is promised more than it will get: which creates, in each generation, a furious, bewildered rage"). Then came *Giovanni's Room*, a rather purple novel about homosexuality. And then, in 1957, when French friends kept asking him to "explain Little Rock," where the U.S. Army



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*That really isn't Liu, Charlie, Dk, Andy and Peggie. Those are impersonators.

**Based upon comparison of 1987 MY vehicles as reported in *Changing Times* 1987 Automotive Guide.

had been summoned to escort nine black children to school through screaming mobs of whites, Jimmy finally decided "that it would be simpler . . . to go to Little Rock than sit in Europe, on an American passport, trying to explain it."

He had never been to the South before. "The South had always frightened me," he wrote later. "I wondered where children got their strength—the strength, in this case, to walk through mobs to get to school." Those were heroic days in the South, when obscure and unarmed people with names like Rosa Parks and James Meredith and Martin Luther King Jr. fought for black rights on obscure battlefields with names like Selma and Neshoba County. In one of those rare cases of the right man and time and place, Jimmy was there too, organizing, encouraging, marching, helping to "bear witness to the truth."

He bore witness most passionately in *The Fire Next Time* (1963), in which he declared that he was determined "never to make my peace with the ghetto but to die and go to Hell before I would let any white man spit on me, before I would accept my 'place' in this republic." He also proclaimed there his skepticism about the value of being "integrated into a burning house." And that, as Detroit and Newark soon showed,

was what was coming next time. "White people in this country," he wrote, "will have quite enough to do in learning how to accept and love themselves and each other, and when they have achieved this—which will not be tomorrow and may very well be never—the Negro problem will no longer exist, for it will no longer be needed."



At home this year in St.-Paul-de-Vence: fiery prophet

Everything after *The Fire Next Time* was anticlimax. There were TV interviews and invitations to the White House and a portrait on the cover of *TIME*, but most of what Jimmy wrote after he became famous lacked the passion of his younger years. That is part of the price of success.

Jimmy could be very irritating. He borrowed things and didn't return them. He made appointments that he never kept. He could be spiteful, and he made use of anybody who could be useful. But he was also warm and intense and funny, and anyone who gained his friendship valued it highly. That included an Englishwoman who once lent him her typewriter because he had pawned his own. Jimmy did not return it because, he said, he was in the midst of *Go Tell It on the Mountain* and "had to finish the chapter."

He took much the same attitude in his first collection of essays: "I consider that I have many responsibilities, but none greater than this: to last, as Hemingway says, and get my work done. I want to be an honest man and a good writer." After Jimmy was operated on for cancer last spring, he went back to writing a book about one of his friends, Martin Luther King Jr., and until the end, he kept hoping to finish it. That work didn't get done.



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Cinema

A Season Of Flash And Greed

Two Christmas movies
Tweak an '80s devil

"What do you think the devil is going to look like if he's around? ... He will be attractive and he will be nice and helpful and he will get a job where he influences a great God-fearing nation and ... he will just bit by little bit lower standards where they are important. Just coax along flash over substance. Just a tiny bit. And he will talk about all of us really being salesmen. And he'll get all the great women."

—Aaron Altman in *Broadcast News*

Standards and practices. It is the TV networks' courtly euphemism for their censorship departments. But it is a dafter delusion, on Broadcast Row or Wall Street or Pennsylvania Avenue or any other center of American power these days, to think that old-fashioned moral standards have much to do with today's lean, mean, rapier-clean business practices. Does a news organization, like the one in *Broadcast News*, employ too many talented men and women to keep its profits proud and its corporate raiders on hold? Then it will package the old reliables and promote the young presentables—including a good-looking network reporter with nothing on his mind but making it. Does an avid stockbroker, like the one in *Wall Street*, want to make a quick kill? Then he will sell himself to the nearest killer—a raider who is part Ivan Boesky, more Mephistopheles. Cut a deal with the devil, and you may become him.

White-collar guys with blood under their manicured nails, Tom Grunick (played by William Hurt in *Broadcast News*) and Bud Fox (Charlie Sheen in *Wall Street*) are the ring bearers, the genetically streamlined children, of the new amorality. Bud, in his mid-20s, is learning how to wheel and wheedle; Tom, in his mid-30s, already knows how to ingratiate and conquer. Bud does it with long hours and pit-bull doggedness, Tom with his boyish, passive charisma. Both men might tell you that ideals are as passé as peace marches and that the happening disease, the one



Boss Raider Douglas deals in *Wall Street*: "Lunch!? Are you joking? Lunch is for wimps"

everyone wants to catch, is designer greed. So who cares that Bud is a bookie in an Armani suit and Tom is a mannequin with an earpiece? Both will go far. And both will be backpacking their films toward Oscar nominations and the top of the Christmas-party chat list.

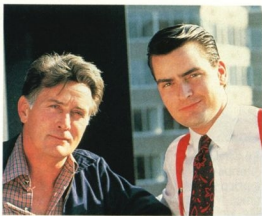
It has been a strange year for American movies. The most popular films of 1987 have a dark hue: violent *policiers* (*Beverly Hills Cop II*, *The Untouchables*, *Lethal Weapon*, *Stakeout*), corrosive Viet Nam memorials (*Platoon* and *Full Metal Jacket*), thrillers about sexual anxiety (*Fatal Attraction*). Steven Spielberg has flown to the dark side of *E.T.*: in *Empire of the Sun* a boy goes to war, and nearly goes mad. Even the comedies are cynical. *The Secret of My Success* got Michael J. Fox into bed with his uncle's wife to help advance his career. *The Witches of Eastwick*

sent Satan to defeat at the caressing hands of three ravishing feminists. This week's predictable hit, *Throw Momma from the Train*, is a jolly farce about matricide.

At heart, *Wall Street* and *Broadcast News* are comedies too, with high energy levels to match their milieus and enough acid wit to recall the sophisticated screwball comedies of the '30s. *Wall Street* Director Oliver Stone and Co-Author Stanley Weiser (*Project X*) get their manic mileage from the gaudy argot of today's power brokers, principally one Gordon Gekko, a black knight who proclaims that "greed is good, greed is right, greed works, greed will save the U.S.A." Listen to the art of the boss raider as he works the phones to spear a couple mil in two minutes flat: "Wait for it to head south, then we'll raise the sperm count ... If it looks as good as on paper, we're in the kill zone

... Dilute the son of a bitch. I want every orifice in his body flowing red ... Lunch!? Are you joking? Lunch is for wimps."

As played with reptilian brio by Michael Douglas, he has some of the pile-driving charm of Michael's actor father Kirk in his early gangster roles. As it happens, the lizard Gekko is a potential father figure for sly Fox; the other is Bud's dad, a working-class hero who is a mechanic at the small airline that Gekko may soon devour. The elder Fox is played by Charlie Sheen's own dad Martin; and to complete the motif, Stone has dedicated *Wall Street* (as he did *Salvador*) to his stockbroker father, who died two years ago. The entire film is in fact a ferocious meditation on



Father and son: Martin and Charlie Sheen on location



Offscreen: Brooks, Hunter and Hurt gaze at the image in *Broadcast News*

the dilemma of a son choosing his father. Which one will Bud emulate: the noble failure or the triumphant sleaze?

The outcome is never really in doubt, so streamlined and predictable are the characters. The women in Bud's life are there primarily as temptations. His broker and lawyer pals are either consciences or bad company. The film seems intended as a blend of morality play and classical satire—Everyman meets Volpone. Stone always comes at you with big dreams and nightmares; he wants the first and last word on every subject he touches, whether Central America (*Salvador*), Viet Nam (*Platoon*) or Wall Street. This time he works up a salty sweat to end up nowhere, like a triathlete on a treadmill. But as long as he keeps his players in venal, perpetual motion, it is great scary fun to watch him work out.

Jim Brooks is a subtler creator than Oliver Stone—18 years of writing and producing nifty TV shows like *Mary Tyler Moore*, *The Associates* and *Taxi* taught him to coax comedy from character instead of tossing it grenade-like under the viewer's seat, and Tom Grunick is a far subtler creature of malice than Bud or Gekko. But Brooks is agitated about the state of network news. He is unsettled by the marriage of the comely face and the bottom line. He is disturbed by the new big boys on Media Avenue—not just in the news, and not just in broadcasting—who believe that ideas are digestible only in 15-second sound bites, that manners and life-styles are matters of life and death, that pictures tell

stories better than words, that personalities sell the product known as infotainment. And if facts give way to factoids, if this month's celebrity gets confused with last month's, hey, that's show biz. Covering the toddler-trapped-in-a-well story this October, an NBC reporter clucked sympathetically about poor "little Jessica Hahn."

Tom, that handsome devil of a network reporter, might not know the difference between Jim Bakker's sex pawn and Jessica McClure. He sure doesn't know the difference between millions and billions in a Defense Department cost-over-run story he's working on. But he knows how to shed a calculated tear on-camera during a human-interest interview. In one sense, Tom is the reverse of Bud Fox: he isn't bright, but he's smart—smart enough to use his looks and his nice, helpful, at-

tractive attitude to get intelligent people to push him toward stardom, so that they connive in the erosion of their ideals. He is the ultimate salesman and, Brooks suggests, the ultimate news product.

And he gets all the great women. One, anyway: Jane Craig, daredevil news producer. Jane (Holly Hunter) is so focused that even her sobbing fits are controlled; she performs them each morning like aerobics. She is properly repelled by Tom, and improperly attracted to him. Improperly, because she has a perfect pal—not a soul mate exactly, but a brain mate—in Aaron Altman (Albert Brooks), a warm, supercompetent, underappreciated reporter, the Jimmy Olsen of Mensa. Aaron can spit out pertinent facts about Gaddafi, he can get drunk and sing along in flawless French to a Francis Cabrel tune, he can love Jane to pristine pieces, all to no avail. Poor Aaron. He lacks what this judicious, irresistible romantic comedy is about: the fatal attraction of star quality.

All the performers are tops, from Jack Nicholson as the sour, imposing anchorman who strides through a newsroom decimated by layoffs muttering, "and all because they couldn't program Wednesday nights," to the three principals. Actor-Auteur Albert Brooks (who cast Jim Brooks—no relation—in his own second film, *Modern Romance*) is the all-time appealing schlemiel, notably in a laugh-nightmare when he anchors the network news and sweats his career down the tubes. (Says one appalled technician: "This is more than Nixon ever sweated.") Hurt is neat too, never standing safely outside his character, always allowing Tom to find the humor in his too-rapid success, locating a dimness behind his eyes when Tom is asked a tough question—and for Tom, poor soulless sensation-to-be, all questions are tough ones. As for Hunter, she graduates with honors from off-Broadway (*The Miss Firecracker Contest*) and off-Hollywood (*Raising Arizona*) to fill the center of this demanding movie with cracker charm and elfin steel. Hail, Holly: daredevil actress.

As the premiere sitcom Svengali, Jim Brooks knows how to create characters an audience can fall in love with. But on a TV series, relationships are never resolved; they are just continued next week. So Brooks concludes *Broadcast News* with a sitcom ellipsis, not a movie exclamation point. The movie ends, like the '80s perhaps, in resignation and anticlimax. Maybe no one believes in happy endings anymore, or even in endings. Maybe, after Bakker and Hart and Iranamuck, people are too cynical to care who gets the girl. But it is good to know that craftsmen like Brooks can create compelling, pertinent folks like Jane, Aaron and Tom. Can we hope that they will spin off into their own high sitcom? That would give us something, at least, to look forward to in the '90s.

—By Richard Corliss



Onscreen: Ingratiate and conquer

Sport

Does K Stand for Killjoy?

A bold challenger may spoil San Diego's America's Cup party

When Skipper Dennis Conner brought home that yachtsman's grail, the America's Cup, from Australia in February, his backers in the San Diego-based Sail America syndicate seemed to have landed a cargo of gold. The cachet of a home-waters defense in 1991 figured to pump \$1.2 billion into San Diego.

But hold on a mo', mates. A shrewdly unsettling tack by a New Zealand banker, Michael Fay, aims to sink San Diego's big party. When Fay sent his unconventional fiberglass *New Zealand* into the elimination series in the last go-around, Conner tweaked the Kiwis, intimating they "wanted to cheat" their way to victory with design legerdemain. Within seven months, Fay had conceived a comeuppance from Down Under.

Since 1958 yachtsmen around the world have informally agreed to compete every three or four years in the roughly 65-ft. boats called 12-meters (the meter designation refers to an abstruse architectural equation to which the craft must conform). But Fay proposed to vie for the Cup in a new 120-ft. K boat, a throwback to the majestic J boats used before World War II. In San Diego's light breezes, her soaring 160-ft. mast and other outside features could give her a runaway advantage over existing defenders.

The backwinded San Diego crew at first stonewalled the challenge. Then they hauled them into court in New York City, home port for the Cup's original deed of gift, with an unexpected ploy. The deed specifies that a challenger may be built



any old way, so long as she measures no more than 90 ft. on the waterline, which just happens to be the K boat's dimension. The deed also provides that the Cup is forfeit if the challenge is not met in ten months. After a judge confirmed these conditions two weeks ago, Sail America's Thomas Ehman complained, "Fay is an opportunist who sees the chance to take a

billion-dollar industry back to Auckland." Said San Diego Mayor Maureen O'Connor: "The ruling is un-American."

But last week the Sail America group reluctantly accepted the challenge, amid indications it would seize every rule advantage to dismast the pesky Fay. As the defender, San Diego may choose the contest's locale but will not announce it until 90 days beforehand. Tentative plans are to race the New Zealanders late next summer, then (assuming a victory and no other wild-card challenges) return to using 12-meters for a San Diego regatta in 1991. Meanwhile, the San Diegans are exploring some distinctly un-America's Cupish designs, notably a "killer mosquito" hydrofoil. They have even suggested that the first defense may be moved from San Diego into the roaring trade winds off Hawaii to frustrate the New Zealander's perceived advantage.

Fay has reacted to such williwaws by shopping serenely for mooring space in Honolulu. Sail America's own designer, John Marshall, claims Fay has every reason for confidence. The few months the U.S. syndicate now has to build a winner is an eye blink in naval architecture. Moreover, the howlers off Honolulu may be just what the canny Fay wants most, says Marshall. "Our preliminary predictions are that Fay's boat will sail over 40 m.p.h. in a fresh breeze." As to reports that Fay fears a mid-Pacific meeting, Marshall adds, "I keep hearing Brer Rabbit hollering, 'Please don't throw me in that briar patch!'" To which Fay offers no comfort. Whatever the defenders manage to concoct, says he, the regal K "will blow the socks off them." Some sailors wonder if it already has. —By Ezra Bowen.

Reported by John Dunn/Melbourne and James Willwerth/Los Angeles

Milestones

BORN. To Sally Field, 41, two-time Academy Award-winning actress (*Norma Rae*, *Places in the Heart*), and her husband Movie Producer Alan Greisman, 40: their first child, a son (she has two sons from her first marriage); in Los Angeles. Name: Samuel H. Morlan Greisman. Weight: 6 lbs. 7 oz.

ARRESTED. Glenn Loury, 39, conservative black political economist and opponent of affirmative action; for possession of cocaine and marijuana; in Boston. A professor at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government, Loury withdrew last June from consideration for the post of Under Secretary of Education when he was charged with assault by his companion, who accused him of threatening to kill her. She later dropped the charges.

BITTEN AGAIN. Juliet Prowse, 51, leggy dancer, co-star to Elvis Presley and some-

time offstage heartthrob to Frank Sinatra; while rehearsing a TV appearance with an 80-lb. leopard named Sheila; in Burbank, Calif. In September a playful encounter between leopard and lady resulted in five stitches for Prowse. But Sheila "wasn't playing this time," said Prowse last week, as she returned to the hospital for at least 30 more stitches.

HOSPITALIZED. Larry King, 54, nocturnal talkaholic radio and TV host; for coronary-bypass surgery; in New York City. King, who was once a three-pack-a-day smoker, suffered a heart attack last February. He expects to step back up to the mike, where he usually can be found four hours daily, in a month.

DIED. Floyd ("Babe") Herman, 84, first baseman, centerfielder and outstanding hitter (.393 in 1930) for the Brooklyn Dodgers from 1926 to 1931 and again in 1945; of

complications from pneumonia and a series of strokes; in Glendale, Calif. Herman set his dog Dodger records that still stand. His most famous hit was a 1926 line drive that resulted in three Brooklyn runners on third base.

DIED. Arthur H. Dean, 89, lawyer, diplomat and trusted adviser to Presidents Roosevelt, Eisenhower, Kennedy and Johnson; of pneumonia; in Glen Cove, N.Y. As chief negotiator for the U.S. and the U.N. at the 1953 Korean War post-armistice talks, Dean spent seven weeks in a hut pitched across the 38th parallel at Panmunjom in Korea's demilitarized zone, trying doggedly but vainly to bring the Communists to a larger political conference. In 1961 he served as chief of J.F.K.'s delegation to the nuclear-test-ban negotiations in Geneva. Dean is credited with helping persuade L.B.J. not to seek reelection in 1968.

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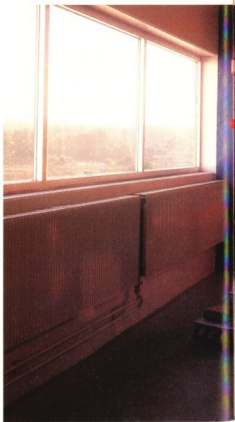
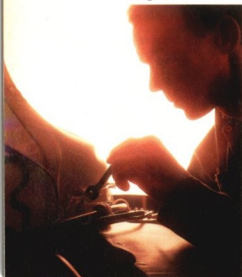
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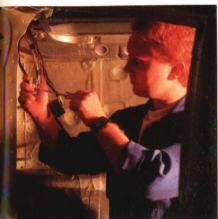
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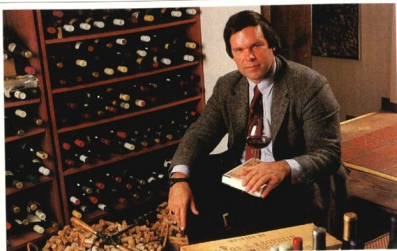


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Food



Awesome influence and concern for consumers: the critic in the cellar of his Maryland home

The Man with a Paragon Palate

For countless wine lovers, Robert Parker's tastes are infallible

One of the world's leading wine critics is preparing for a hard day's work. On the cluttered wet bar of his home office in rural Parkton, Md., nine stubby, stemless glasses, narrower at the top than at the bottom, are lined up. Behind them stand nine uncorked bottles of California red wine, their labels obscured by foil wraps. The critic rinses the glasses with wine from three of the bottles. Then he pours an inch or so of red liquid from the first bottle into the first glass and holds it up to the light. "Good color," he says, "but that's rarely a problem with California wines." He swirls the glass fiercely for a second or two and inhales. "Not much wood in the nose," he observes, "but it's jammy, with plenty of fruit." He sips, noisily sloshes the wine along his tongue and, with practiced aplomb, spews a stream of Napa Valley Merlot into the sink of his wet bar. "It's a little too tannic," he concludes. "Competently made, but nothing exciting. Probably an 81."

In the course of an average week, Robert M. Parker Jr., 40, will sniff, sip and spit his way through hundreds of bottles of wine (reds in the morning, whites in the afternoon). The opinions recorded at his daily tastings are written up primarily for the 21,000 subscribers (at \$30 a year) to his influential, fact-choked bi-monthly newsletter, *The Wine Advocate*. Finally, some of the judgments will mature into a book. November marked the publication of his third, *The Wines of the Rhône Valley and Provence* (Simon & Schuster; \$22.95); both sections of France, Parker believes, offer good bargains as well as awesome, mouth-filling wines.

Parker's influence in the wine trade is fairly awesome itself. In France, some

vintners await his thrice-yearly-tasting visits with the same trepidation that restaurateurs have for the annual *Le Guide Michelin* ratings. Craig Goldwyn, editor of the rival *International Wine Review*, says Parker has "one of the greatest palates ever to walk the earth," although some writers complain that as a taster he favors strength over subtlety. (Parker, of course, denies it.) His critics also carp that his success is based primarily on a 50-to-100-point rating system for wines that is fast becoming a popular industry standard. Wine merchants across the country know that advertising a vintage with a Parker rating of 90 or more virtually guarantees a sellout. Parker insists that the controversial scores are less important than his precise descriptions of wines, which are sometimes brutally scathing. Of one California Cabernet Sauvignon he recently wrote, "This is a pathetic wine with a bouquet that reeks of cardboard, is inexcusably diluted, and has harsh flavors that offer no redeeming value." Rating: 52.

It was a Naderite concern for protecting consumers from poor values that first

inspired Parker to write about wines. The son of a Baltimore-based oil-company executive, he grew up in a family of moderate drinkers who rarely touched wine. In 1967 Parker briefly dropped out of the University of Maryland to visit his high school sweetheart (now his wife Patricia) while she was spending her college junior year in France. Fascinated by the taste and variety of wines he encountered, Parker back home bought every book he could find on the subject. A hobby inexorably became an obsession; soon he and Patricia (they married in 1969) were spending every vacation in Europe, visiting vineyards to taste and buy.

Parker soon concluded, "There were a lot of experts, but no one was writing for the consumer." In 1977 he borrowed \$2,000 from his mother and the following year published the first issue of *The Wine Advocate*, which was mailed speculatively to 6,000 wine lovers in the Baltimore-Washington area. About 600 readers wrote in to subscribe—enough to finance a second issue. By 1984 *The Wine Advocate* had so outclassed its rivals that Parker quit his job as a lawyer to become a full-time wine critic.

In a field with more than a few hustlers in search of freebies, Parker has a reputation for scrupulous probity. He never attends sponsored wine festivals or goes on paid junkets; last year alone he spent \$67,000 (tax deductible) on wines for tasting. When his brother-in-law bought a vineyard in Oregon, Parker informed his *Advocate* readers and promised never to review any wines produced there.

Parker has some concerns about the future of his beloved beverage. He worries about a neoprohibitionist movement in the U.S. that equates wine—"which should be drunk in moderation, as a socializing accompaniment to food"—with hard liquor as an enemy of sobriety. Since wine's variety is its glory, he deplors what he calls the "internationalization" of styles, particularly the trend in California and elsewhere to concentrate on the production of two "supergrapes," Cabernet Sauvignon and Chardonnay. "There ought to be more experimentation with wines made from Syrah [la Rhône variétal] or Nebbiolo [from northern Italy]," he says.

On the other hand, Parker believes the American consumer has never before had access to so much good wine from so many different sources. As examples, he cites the stunning improvement of wines from Oregon, Australia, Spain and Chile. No wonder Parker intends to keep on tasting and writing (a Burgundy book is in the works, and one on California is at the planning stage) as long as he can. "I've got a wonderful job. And the feedback from the people I write for is wonderful."

Back to work. Parker picks up another of the stubby glasses, swirls and takes a deep whiff.

—By John Elson



PARKER'S TOP TEN

- Hermitage La Chapelle 1961
- Côte Rôtie La Mouline 1969
- Châteauneuf-du-Pape Baudouin 1970
- Côte Rôtie La Mouline 1976
- Château Lafleur 1947
- Château Pétrus 1947
- Château Latour 1961
- Château Mouton-Rothschild 1945
- Château Mouton-Rothschild 1982



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Health & Fitness



Antidote to All Those Wrinkles?

For those worried by aging skin, an acne drug may be the answer

"People think I've had a face-lift," beams Carole Herman, 42, of Penn Valley, Pa. "It's astounding what a difference it makes." It is Retin-A, the nation's hottest new anti-aging potion, and despite the misgivings of some dermatologists about the perpetual parade of glops and goos that promise a more youthful complexion, many doctors cautiously agree that the mounting clamor may be justified. "People have gone absolutely crazy about it," declares Duane Tucker, a Manhattan Beach, Calif., skin doctor. "When it comes to sun damage, it's the closest thing we have to a youth cream."

Actually, Retin-A is a synthetic derivative of vitamin A called retinoic acid that was introduced in 1971 as a prescription medication for acne. Older patients began reporting an unexpected benefit: not only did their pimples disappear, but fine age lines, freckles and blotches faded or vanished as well. What is more, their skin took on a rosy, youthful glow. The drug's developer, Dermatologist Albert Kligman of the University of Pennsylvania, was at first skeptical of the claims. But about a decade ago, he began studies to determine the

effects of Retin-A on sun-damaged skin. With a team of researchers, Kligman took skin biopsies and examined the tissue microscopically. "To our surprise, there were changes that were quite dramatic, even startling," says Kligman, who published his findings last year in the *Journal of the American Academy of Dermatology*. Retin-A accelerated skin-cell turnover, stimulated blood-vessel growth and boosted production of collagen and elastin fibers. His conclusion: retinoic acid can

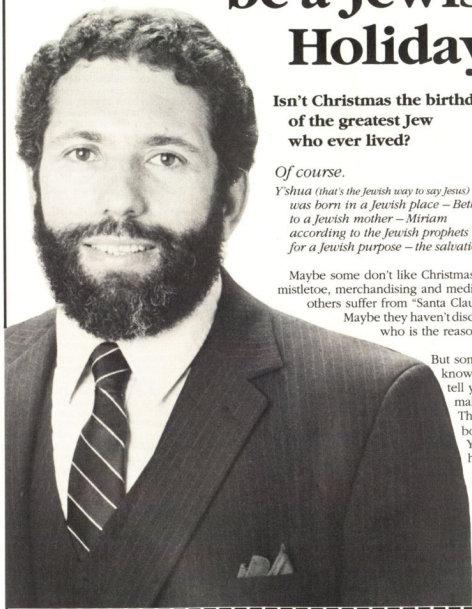
help ease and even correct some of the effects of prolonged exposure to the sun.

Intrigued by Kligman's early results, the drug's manufacturer, Ortho Pharmaceutical Corp. of Raritan, N.J., began sponsoring clinical trials around the country. One method used to assess the drug: researchers make molds of facial skin with dental modeling plastic, then scrutinize the impressions with an imaging analyzer of the kind used by NASA to examine the moon's surface. The company claims that results so far have been positive and plans to submit its findings next year to the Food and Drug Administration. Although it is already approved for treating acne, Retin-A

Frenzy of Flabnost

From far corners of the land, the fat and the flabby are flocking to the Moscow Weight Loss Clinic, the first ever in the Soviet Union. Since it opened earlier this year, the center has treated some 4,800 clients (\$15 for the first visit) with a regimen of strict diet and exercise, and boasts a waiting list of 35,000. Founder Dr. Vasil Vorobyev, author of the best-selling diet book *Good Health*, estimates that 20% to 50% of Soviets are overweight. "People exercise too little and eat too much," he says. Vorobyev has already opened two more clinics and has plans for a fourth. Jane Fonda, are you listening?

Why can't Christmas be a Jewish Holiday?



Isn't Christmas the birthday
of the greatest Jew
who ever lived?

Of course.

*Y'shua (that's the Jewish way to say Jesus)
was born in a Jewish place – Bethlehem
to a Jewish mother – Miriam
according to the Jewish prophets
for a Jewish purpose – the salvation of the world*

Maybe some don't like Christmas because of
mistletoe, merchandising and media hype. Maybe
others suffer from "Santa Claustrophobia."

Maybe they haven't discovered *Y'shua*
who is the reason for the season.

But some Jewish people
know him and they can
tell you why *Y'shua*
makes them celebrate.
Their stories are in the
book, *Jesus for Jews*.
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bookstore for
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below, a special
inquirer's edition
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Health & Fitness

cannot be promoted as an anti-aging cream without FDA clearance.

Alerted by word of mouth, however, consumers and doctors have not been waiting. "Ladies come in asking for it because their friends are using it," says Tucker. "Or they steal it from their children who are using it for acne." Prescribing Retin-A is perfectly legal. Observes FDA Spokesman Herman Janiger: "If a physician wants to use an approved drug for unapproved purposes, that's what's called 'accepted medical practice.'" Notes Stephen Kurtin, a New York City dermatologist: "It is the single most popular prescription I'm giving out now."

Doctors generally advise patients to use the medicated cream (cost: \$15 to \$25 a tube) as often as every day for about six months, then less frequently after that. Side effects, which usually last two to six weeks, include skin irritation, scaling and peeling. Dermatologists caution against overdoing it. One woman, convinced that more is better, began slathering it on six times a day. Says Kurtin: "When she came in after a week, she was a mess."

Those who believe they have license to bask in the sun after using Retin-A are also in for a surprise. The drug leaves the skin more sensitive to sunlight. "I went skiing last winter, and even though I used a strong sun block, I still got a killer sunburn," reports Monica Gutierrez, 32, of Manhattan Beach, Calif., who has used Retin-A for about 18 months. Declares James Leyden, a professor of dermatology at the University of Pennsylvania: "Retin-A is not an antidote to sun worshipping."

It is no fountain of youth either, doctors agree. "It doesn't make old people into young," warns Kligman. "It does not help very deep wrinkles. It does not help sags or bags or very loose skin. People who need a face-lift are not going to get any benefit." Dermatologist Jerome Shupack of New York University School of Medicine puts it more bluntly: "Retin-A won't do much for a prune." Indeed, some physicians wonder about the popularity of the drug at all. "The only thing I see Retin-A doing is irritating the skin and increasing the susceptibility to sun damage and thus to skin cancer," says Dr. Carl Korn of the University of Southern California Medical School. "To my eye, using four-times magnification, the effect is less than dramatic." Notes Dermatologist Gabe Mirkkin of Silver Spring, Md. "And on patients over 55, because the deep wrinkles so predominate, it's just not worthwhile."

Still, desperate people are unlikely to pay heed to such nitpicking equivocations. One 76-year-old woman, volunteering to be a subject in a study of Retin-A, told the researchers that she planned to donate her body to the center at her death and plaintively asked, "Wouldn't you like me to look my best?" Her offer was politely turned down.

—By Anastasia Toufexis.
Reported by Georgia Harbison/New York and Nancy Seufert/Los Angeles

People

The nation's newest train system can't carry passengers, doesn't go anywhere and only runs during the month of December. But Citibank Station, a 32-ft.-tall miniature train depot that made its debut in New York City's Citicorp Center last week, is perfectly equipped for first-class excursions of the imagination. Created by Broadway Theatrical Designer **Clarke Dunham** (*Bubbling Brown Sugar*, *Grind*), the station boasts 150 Lionel, American Flyer and HO-scale trains. "I grew up in the last days of steam, and trains are something special to me," says Dunham, 51. He was joined at the opening ceremony by some big wheels from the Broadway cast of *Starlight Express*, the hit musical about a race between toy locomotives. Electra the Electric Train, played by **Ken Ard**, flashed its appreciation. "It's like a little world in itself," Ard observed. "I feel I have everything under control." Well, maybe not, but at least he's on the right track.



Take the A train: some high rollers from the cast of *Starlight Express* pull into Citibank Station

Is the Heisman Trophy losing its luster? That question was being asked again last week as fans awaited the official results of what has become football's worst-kept secret.

Weeks ago the Fighting Irish were blown away by the Miami Hurricanes, 24-0. Brown dropped as many passes as he caught and ran a paltry 97 yds. Suddenly

Monday-morning quarterbackbacks were saying Brown might not be such an obvious choice after all, and the annual debate over the award's arcane balloting system was off and running. "I went two weeks, and everyone was talking about how great I was," says Brown. "And then, after that game, people were saying I didn't deserve [the Heisman]." Last week the tally showed—surprise!—that he was the winnah. Stay tuned for next year's ruckus.

scathing portrait of Rivers before and after the suicide of her husband **Edgar Rosenberg** last August. Rivers is depicted as calling Rosenberg a "maniac" and is also quoted as saying that her late husband, who left her a list of financial instructions, was "trying to control me from the grave." At a press conference in Los Angeles last week, a tearful Rivers threatened to sue *GQ* for \$50 million. Three days later in her suit, she identified Hacker as *GQ* Contributor **Ben Stein**. "*GQ* has published a story which is not just inaccurate but 100% false," said Rivers. "This is a total pack of evil, vicious, sick lies." *GQ* is standing by its story.

—By Guy D. Garcia.
Reported by David E. Thigpen/New York

Her fabulous figure has graced the covers of some 300 magazines, but anyone who thinks **Paulina Porizkova**, 22, is just another pretty face had better take a second look. In *Anna*, released last month, the Czechoslovakia-born supermodel makes her film debut as a Czech immigrant who goes to New York City. And she has just finished shooting the follow-up to her 1988 swimsuit calendar. Paulina, who has often said modeling is the pits, had no trouble focusing on acting. "*Anna* was a breeze for me," she explains. "Here is this girl from an Eastern country who comes to the U.S. There was a little part of me in that." Finding another good script has been much harder, however. "I mean, how many teenage movies can they do?" she complains. "What happened to all the classics? I'd like to do a movie for kids—some kind of fairy tale." How about *Paulina Goes to Hollywood*?



Multimedia model: Paulina for January '88

For months word was out that this year's winner would be Notre Dame's **Tim Brown**, 21. After all, the 6-ft. 195-lb. flanker from Dallas had been averaging 175 yds. per game in total offense. Then two

tongued former talk-show host has become the object of malicious gossip in the December issue of *GQ* magazine. In a column titled "Off the Cuff," a writer using the pseudonym Bert Hacker paints a



Tough talk: Rivers taking offense



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Art

Sharing the Poet's Obsession

A singular show explores the vision of English Romanticism

William Wordsworth and the Age of English Romanticism "is one of those singular exhibitions that take you into the heart of a cultural moment, explore it in close detail and yet leave you eager for more. On view at the New York Public Library until Dec. 31, it has been jointly organized by Rutgers University and the Wordsworth Trust in England.

Quite apart from the fact that many of the ideals and the deepest nostalgias of American culture (such as the longing for moral examples within nature that is the root of the whole ecology movement) wind back to Wordsworth and his fellow poets, one cannot help feeling reverence at the sight of the manuscripts ranked in their vitrines. How often do you get to see Shelley's rough draft of "Ozymandias" or holograph manuscripts of Keats' "To Autumn," Byron's *Don Juan*, Burns' "Auld Lang Syne" and Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" in one room at once? But the curators have also assembled an extraordinary range of paintings, drawings and prints to show what effect the new current of natural vision, directed toward subjects both common and sublime, had on English artists—how it was refracted and amplified in their work, and where the obsessions of artist and poet crossed.

Turner and Constable, of course, dominate. It will be some time before the U.S. sees a finer group of Turner watercolors than those assembled for the show. They cover all the phases of his work, from early picturesque scenes of ruins such as Tintern Abbey through the grandly managed complexities of his Alpine views with every pebble and wreath of mist in place, like *The Passage of the St. Gothard*, 1804, to the mists and chromatic blooms of his amazingly modern late watercolors.

Likewise, one could hardly ask for a better short introduction to Constable than the one this show gives us—not only the fresh landscapes of the pastures of Dedham Vale and the sparkling little manifesto of a painting, *Water-meadows at Salisbury*, 1829, rejected by the Royal Academy of Arts as "a nasty green thing," but also the cloud studies and several of his grandest oils, such as *The Lock*, 1822-24. There are also such painters as John Sell Cotman,

Samuel Palmer, Francis Towne and Thomas Girtin, whose images of landscape exhale the sweet breath of exact vision through its quintessential medium, the watercolor sketch, while the apocalyptic side of English Romanticism gets full play in William Blake and John ("Mad") Martin.

All through, the show carries the powerful conviction that the substance of Romantic thought was as much the invention of painters as of poets. Constable was Wordsworth's equal and ally, not his plagiarist, when he wrote that the light in his paintings "cannot be put out because it is the light of Nature—the mother of all that is valuable in poetry, painting or anything else where an appeal to the soul is required." Natural vision, the sense of English terrain, exalted hopes of freedom, fear of the apocalyptic violence that lurked in human nature and, above all, a sense of rebirth in all departments of life—it is not easy to reimagine the ferment of those times. Throughout Europe,

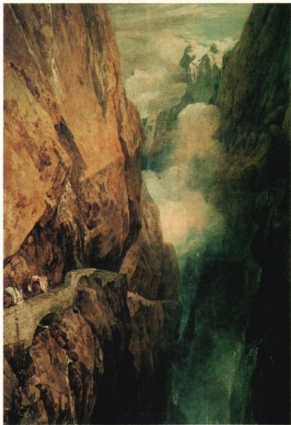
the 1790s were a hinge on which the very idea of culture as a force in human affairs turned. A new principle entered art and poetry: renewal through radical change.

This was the underlying motif of Romanticism, and after it appeared nothing in the domain of imagination could be the same again. Its supreme metaphor was, of course, the French Revolution of 1789. Wordsworth, Blake and Samuel Taylor Coleridge looked across the Channel and saw amid the debris of the French monarchy and the gore of the September Massacres nothing less than the renewal of Man, and Woman too. Those who believe art must be apolitical are fated to have trouble with the English Romantics. Inspired by Thomas Paine, Lafayette, Washington and the Jacobins, Blake and Shelley prophesied the cleansing of the doors of perception and the fall of tyrannies. Martin painted such republican effusions as *The Bard*, 1817, an Ossianic Welsh sage ranting from a cliff at English legions passing in the gorge below, prophesying the death of empire.

The nature of mankind was no longer the cut-and-dried affair that it had seemed to the rationalizing Georgian imagination; it lay in potentiality, the inner depths of what Freud would later call the unconscious. Its origin was the lost child glimpsed within the adult; its proper environment the sense of wonder and openness with which the human mind, contemplating the natural world, grasps its relation to God. The grander the spectacle of nature, the more the poet (or painter) is drawn to self-understanding.

If one were to connect poets to painters, then Shelley links to Turner, through their common images of luminous transparency. "Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass, / Stains the white radiance of Eternity" could have been written with a Turner watercolor in mind. Constable pairs with Wordsworth, through their mutual love of "simple" nature, the felt substance of a known place that is the constant of human experience and evokes, in Wordsworth's phrase, the "spots of time" to which imagination is anchored. The exhibition, and its accompanying catalog by Jonathan Wordsworth (a direct descendant of William), Michael C. Jaye and Robert Woof, traces these and a myriad of other affinities. The unity of English Romanticism has never been argued so well, or shown so plainly, in a single exhibition. This is not a show to miss.

—By Robert Hughes



Turner's *The Passage of the St. Gothard*, 1804: radical renewal

Essay

Roger Rosenblatt

Captain Midlife Faces Christmas

The older he grows, the harder it gets for Captain Midlife to take this season. Thanksgiving, Hanukkah, Christmas, New Year's. Five weeks of souped-up revels strung out like dead leaf fires. Not that January is any great shakes either, with its glass-eye skies threatening to shatter; or loony February; or March blowing about one's head like some parent ranting in a never-cleaned-up room. Still, it is this season that gets the Captain down, and up, and down again. Poor Captain Midlife. Can anybody out there lend him a hand?

It is the extremes of the season that get him down, wear him down to a frazzle of somnambulant grinning. Jews and Christians sing out their lungs this time of year, bear candles against the abbreviated light. Even secular humanists find a way to hold the dark at bay. Captain Midlife knows of an elementary school that takes the separation of church and state so seriously, the only holiday it celebrates is the winter solstice. The children sing solstice songs ("Joy to the world, the sun has sunk?"). All in the name of pitting one extreme against the other. Pumping like a bellows, Captain Midlife adds his fine, rich baritone (still pretty fine, pretty rich, don't you think?) to carolers rocking their voices up, up into the stars.

Then down he plunges again, suddenly, inexplicably, during a shopping spree or a laughing spree, down, desperate, into one of the mind's old, too familiar snow pits. In the middle of his fifth decade, he attends more funerals than weddings. Great swings of feelings come frequently, irrespective of the seasons. The outer world weeps with the sufferers of AIDS, wars, the mumbling dispossessed who pitch their crazy tents in doorways. The inner world weeps with loss of family, friends, colleagues; loss of dreams, of chance. But see: the Captain cannot stay down for long. He hits the bottom like a trampoline. Boing.

By now you'd think that he would have learned to take the holidays in stride, to sashay through the swing season with a dignified sense of balance. Not the Captain. Balance was supposed to come with middle age, but these days he feels shakier than ever. The season overwhelms him with its polarities. Grand abstractions are undercut by particular forms. The gratitude of Thanksgiving reduced to a half-chewed drumstick. The generosity of Hanukkah and Christmas to Tammy Faye Bakker dolls. The renewal of New Year's to a horn toot.

But these are nothing compared with the extremes in him, in brave, dumb Captain Midlife, jogging with the kids, exhaling frost; or out on the town, red-muffled to the eyes, a Scotch ad beaming with conventional merriment. Inside his aching, brooding head, a mess of city-dump proportions. He crouches in the mind's attic like one of those soldiers who are never told that the war is over, and reads that Michael Korda, a modern adviser on how to live, says that by the time one reaches one's 40s, all emotional and professional problems should be settled. The Captain hopes he will not have to show Mr. Korda his inventory.

Last summer a doctor proclaimed the Captain "ship-shape." The Captain sought a second opinion.

This is no country for middle-aged men, Captain Midlife has concluded. Or middle-aged women either, he adds hastily, a person for all seasons. Too much is expected of middle age, too much self-assurance to accommodate the too much power. Better to be chomping on one's salad days. The Captain's children have no difficulty maneuvering through the holidays, flapping like flamingos.

But Captain Midlife is a blinded navigator, frozen at the helm with a hoary smile on his face impossible to read except by other ninnies in their 40s and 50s, who, like him, through no fault of their own, have been handed control of the world. Control of the world? What a snap! It's control of oneself that takes real skill. Thanksgiving, Hanukkah, Christmas, New Year's. An entire stage of life compressed into a symbolic five-week journey of light and dark, crying and singing. And here comes Captain Midlife, doxy as the day is short, hollering orders into the gale, hailing other captains as they pass one another in the night, captains of industry, of law, of medicine, even of ships; every one of them a champion faker, every one knowing that under their stupefying bonhomie thuds the pulse of a hysteric.

Captain Midlife would like to speak with Gorbachev this week. Not about the missiles or Nicaragua—about middle-agedness. "Mikhail Sergeyevich, don't you feel like throwing in the towel sometimes?" Captain Midlife was watching when Tom Brokaw, another middle-ageder, asked, "man to man," what do you think and feel? But Gorbachev could only answer state to man, and the more certain he sounded, the less certain he looked. In middle age the gulf between what you are and who you are is too wide to cross, too—what?—extreme. Who knows what turmoil lurks in the hearts of men old enough to remember *The Shadow*? The Captain knows.

That's about all he knows, besides a few dozen carefully recycled facts, and the tricks of his odd trade, acquired mostly against his will. The rest is a persistent silent prayer that behind the boisterous tugs of war, a quiet Intelligence presides, a tone, a voice, a river. Middle age is such a foggy place. Rarely does the Captain catch sight of something clear, and then it seems available only by telescope. Gratitude, generosity, renewal. There! Just for a moment. There!

A woman the Captain loves is dying of cancer in this season. In her eighth decade she has learned to accept life in its small and most cherishable doses: the devotion of her daughter; a few close friends; the animals she hovers over because she realized long ago that she was one of them. Around her country cottage, clouds like barrels rolled in pitch inflate the sky, while at his troubled and uncomfortable distance Captain Midlife stammers consolations wholly unnecessary for such a woman. He beats about preparing for her death. She calmly prepares for Christmas and pokes the fire. ■

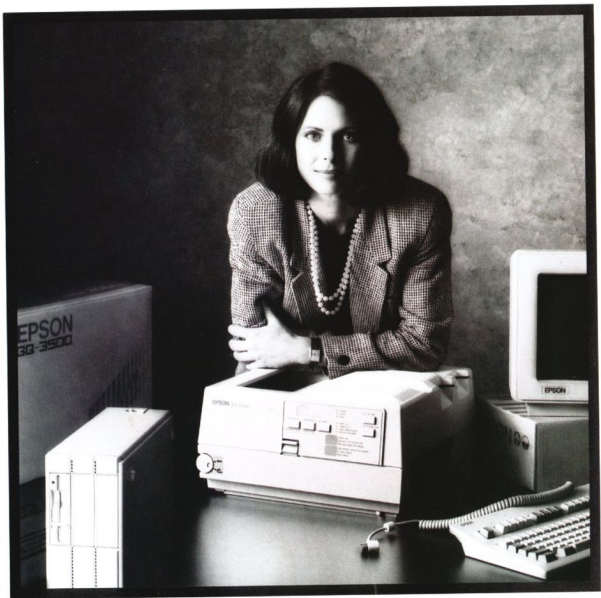


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